

FEAR

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF



NO. 21  
OCTOBER

LN 10

10¢

# FEAR<sup>®</sup>

FEATURING...



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER





MELVIN?  
YOU SAY YOU  
CAN'T FIND  
**MAD**  
ANYWHERE?

B. ELDER

## IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND 'MAD' ON YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND...

- Ⓐ Look harder! It may be at the bottom of the pile...  
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# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! SO YOU GOT YOUR GRIMY PAWS ON A GRIMY DIME AND NOW YOU'RE READY FOR ANOTHER GRIMY VISIT INTO THE GRIMY HAUNT OF FEAR. WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE LOOKIN' PALE AND SICKLY. COME IN AND FEEL PALE AND SICKLY WHILE I LADE OUT THE LATEST REEKING RECIPE FROM MY CRUDDY CAULDRON. YEP! IT'S YOUR SHIVER-CHEF, HOSTESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR, THE OLD WITCH, READY TO SERVE THE TASTY TALE OF TERROR ENTITLED...

## AN OFF-COLOR WEIR



LAURA RAIB STOOD BEFORE THE IMPOSING PORTRAIT, THE TEARS STREAMING DOWN HER FACE, HER NERVOUS FINGERS TIGHTLY CLUTCHING THE BOTTLE AND THE SMALL WAD OF COTTON. SHE STARED IN HORROR AT THE SOMBER FACE ON THE OLD CANVAS WITH ITS DARK FOREBODING EYES AND ITS UNRULY WHITE BEARD.

I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!  
SOB... I'VE GOT TO...





LAURA LOOKED AROUND WILDLY. HER GLANCE FELL UPON THE COFFEE TABLE BEHIND HER. SHE BENT AND PLACED THE BOTTLE OF COLORLESS LIQUID AND THE WAD OF COTTON UPON IT AND DRAGGED IT TO THE FIREPLACE OVER WHICH THE PORTRAIT HUNG...



LAURA WAS FRIGHTENED. HER BREATH CAME IN SHORT CHOKING PANTS AND HER HEART BEAT MADLY IN HER HEAVING CHEST. SHE PICKED UP THE BOTTLE AND THE COTTON AND CLIMBED UP ONTO THE COFFEE TABLE...



SHE STOOD THERE, HESITANTLY, STARING AT THE PORTRAIT. THE BEARDED FACE STARED BACK AT HER WITH ANGRY EVIL EYES...



HER EYES FELL TO THE NEATLY ENGRAVED NAME-PLATE FASTENED TO THE BOTTOM OF THE PORTRAIT'S FRAME...

'BARON GILLES DE RAIS.' WHY DOES IT SOUND SO FAMILIAR? WHO IS IT? I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!



LAURA TIPPED THE BOTTLE AND POURED ITS CONTENTS UPON THE WAD OF COTTON. THE FAMILIAR SMELL OF THE COLORLESS LIQUID DRIFTED UPWARD...



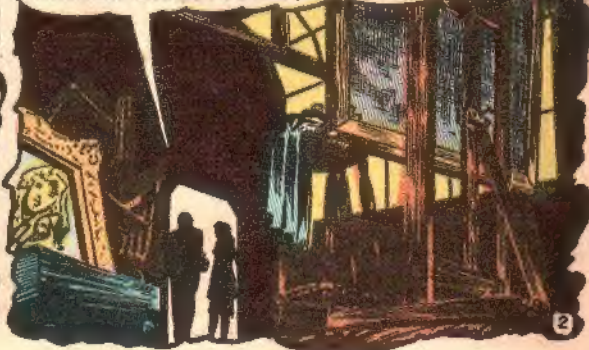
THE FAMILIAR SMELL IT BROUGHT BACK MEMORIES. THE CLUTTERED STUDIO IN GREENWICH VILLAGE IN NEW YORK, THE STRUGGLING YEARS OF STUDY AND HARD WORK AND LAURA'S FIRM DETERMINATION...

SOMEDAY I'LL BE A SUCCESSFUL PORTRAIT PAINTER, SOMEDAY I'LL BE FAMOUS!



THE MEMORIES OF LAURA'S PAST SWEEP BEFORE HER EYES. THE DAY GILBERT RAIS CAME TO HER STUDIO...

MY NAME IS RAIS, MISS HARBER. GILBERT RAIS. I'M FROM LOUISIANA. I'VE COME TO NEW YORK TO HAVE MY PORTRAIT PAINTED, A MUTUAL FRIEND RECOMMENDED YOU...





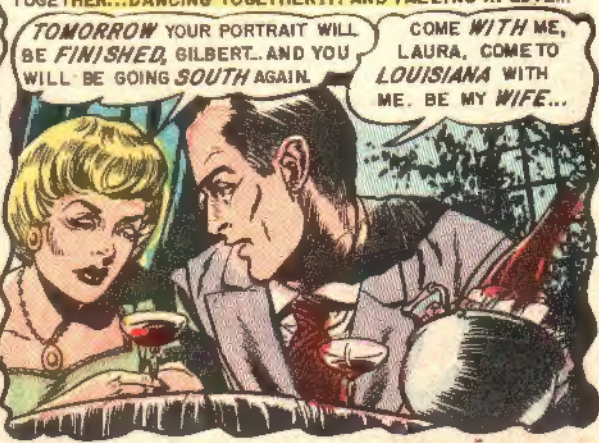
LAURA REMEMBERED THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED... THOSE WONDERFUL WEEKS OF GILBERT POSING FOR HER, WHILE SHE MOULDED HIS LIKENESS IN OILS AND SPREAD IT UPON HER CANVAS...

... THE BUSINESS ASSOCIATION THAT SOON BECAME MORE THAN JUST THAT. THOSE WONDERFUL DAYS OF PAINTING HIS PORTRAIT, AND THOSE WONDERFUL NIGHTS... DINING TOGETHER... DANCING TOGETHER... AND FALLING IN LOVE...



THAT WILL BE ALL FOR TODAY, MR. RAIS. THE LIGHT IS FADING...

I WAS WONDERING, MISS HARBER! MAY I TAKE YOU TO DINNER?



TOMORROW YOUR PORTRAIT WILL BE FINISHED, GILBERT.. AND YOU WILL BE GOING SOUTH AGAIN.

COME WITH ME, LAURA, COME TO LOUISIANA WITH ME. BE MY WIFE...



GILBERT! ARE YOU PROPOSING?

I HAVE A HUGE MANSION DOWN IN THE LOUISIANA BAYOUS, LAURA. YOU'LL LOVE IT THERE. SAY YOU'LL MARRY ME!

LAURA REMEMBERED HOW SHE'D MADE UP HER MIND... THREW AWAY HER DREAMS OF A CAREER AS A PORTRAIT PAINTER... AND ACCEPTED GILBERT'S PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE...

YES, GIL, DARLING. YES... I'LL MARRY YOU!

LAURA... SWEET...

... THE SIMPLE CEREMONY UNITING LAURA AND GILBERT RAIS... MAKING THEM ONE... MAKING THEM MAN AND WIFE...



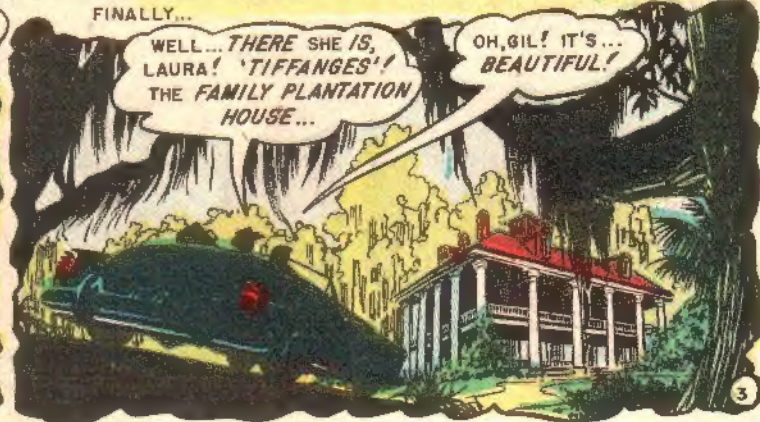
... THE WONDEROUS AIRPLANE TRIP SOUTH... LOOKING DOWN AS THE COUNTRY SWEEPED BY BELOW THEM LIKE SOME FAIRY CARPET...

AND THEN LAURA REMEMBERED THE SEEMINGLY UNENDING AUTO TRIP OUT OF NEW ORLEANS INTO THE SILENT MYSTERIOUS BAYOUS... THE MILES AND MILES THROUGH MOSS-LADEN CYPRESS TREES, TILL FINALLY...



HAPPY, DARLING?

DELIRIOUS, GIL...



WELL... THERE SHE IS, LAURA! 'TIFFANGES'! THE FAMILY PLANTATION HOUSE...

OH, GIL! IT'S... BEAUTIFUL!



LAURA REMEMBERED HOW SHE'D FELT WHEN SHE'D FIRST SEEN 'TIFFANGES'. SHE REMEMBERED HOW SHE'D SHIVERED AS IT LOOMED UP BEFORE THEM, STARK WHITE AND DISMAL-LOOKING, WITH AN AIR OF MYSTERY ABOUT IT...

SHE REMEMBERED HOW GILBERT HAD SMILED AS THEY'D MOUNTED THE COLUMNED PORTICO...



THE HOUSE IS OVER TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD, LAURA. MY ANCESTORS BUILT IT WHEN THEY CAME HERE FROM FRANCE!

IT'S...IT'S VERY BIG, GILBERT!



YES. IT HAS TWENTY-TWO ROOMS. AND THEY'RE ALL YOURS TO DO WITH AS YOU LIKE...

IT'S...IT'S SO QUIET OUT HERE IN THE BAYOUS, GIL...WITH ONLY THE SOUND OF THE BIRDS AND THE MARSH ANIMALS...

...HOW THE LOOK HAD COME INTO HIS EYES...

YES. THAT'S WHY I LOVE IT HERE. IT'S SO FAR FROM CIVILIZATION...

I'M...CHILLY OUT HERE, GILBERT. LET'S GO INSIDE!



LAURA REMEMBERED HOW THE SIGHT OF THE HUGE LIVING ROOM WITH ITS PRICELESS ANTIQUES HAD ALMOST TAKEN HER BREATH AWAY. SHE REMEMBERED HOW SHE'D FLITTED ABOUT LIKE A LITTLE CHILD TOUCHING EACH EXQUISITE PIECE OF FURNITURE, HER FEARS OUTSIDE FORGOTTEN...



OH, GIL! EVERYTHING IS SO... SO PERFECT!

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT, LAURA!

AND THEN SHE REMEMBERED HOW SHE'D STOPPED...STUNNED...AND THE FEARS RETURNED...AS SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE PORTRAIT OVER THE FIRE-PLACE...

...THE PORTRAIT...THE FRIGHTENING FACE WITH ITS DARK EVIL EYES AND THE COARSE WHITE BEARD. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT IT...

THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THAT OLD PORTRAIT...SOMETHING ABOUT THE FINELY-CRACKED CANVAS AND THE METICULOUSLY-PAINTED FACE AND THE COARSE WHITE BEARD...



WHO...WHO'S THAT, GIL?

ONE OF MY ANCESTORS, LAURA...



'BARON GILLES DE RAIS. 1684'

YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT, DID YOU?



YOU DIDN'T KNOW MY ANCESTOR WAS A FRENCH BARON!

NO, GIL! HOW...HOW THRILLING!



LAURA REMEMBERED THOSE FIRST FEW WEEKS AT 'TIFFANGES'...THE JOY OF BEING ALONE WITH GIL, HER NEW HUSBAND. AND THEN, ONE DAY...

GIL! YOU'RE PACKING! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

IT TAKES MONEY TO REFURNISH A HOUSE LIKE THIS, DARLING. I'VE GOT TO MAKE A BUSINESS TRIP! CHECK MY INTERESTS!

HOW LONG WILL YOU BE GONE, GIL?

NOT LONG, DEAR, A FEW DAYS. YOU'LL HAVE LOTS TO DO. GO THROUGH THE HOUSE. OPEN UP ALL THE ROOMS. HERE ARE THE KEYS...

DECIDE HOW YOU WANT TO DECORATE EACH ROOM. THAT OUGHT TO KEEP YOU BUSY TILL I GET BACK.

ALL RIGHT, GIL. BUT HURRY, WON'T YOU. I... I HATE TO BE ALONE...

LAURA REMEMBERED HOW SHE'D WATCHED FROM THEIR BEDROOM WINDOW AS GIL WAVED AND DROVE OFF DOWN THE CYPRESS-LINED BAYOU ROAD...

... HOW THE SILENCE SEEMED TO CLOSE IN AROUND HER... AND HOW THAT STRANGE FEELING, THAT FEAR, SUDDENLY SEEMED TO GRIP HER. SHE'D STARED DOWN AT THE KEYS...

WELL...NO USE SITTING AROUND MOPING! MIGHT AS WELL EXPLORE MY NEW HOME!

LAURA REMEMBERED HOW SHE'D GONE FROM ROOM TO ROOM, UNLOCKING EACH DOOR, AND GASPING WITH PLEASANT SURPRISE...

...AND THEN, LAURA REMEMBERED HOW SHE'D COME TO THE ROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL ON THE VERY TOP FLOOR OF THE OLD MANSION...

HOW EXQUISITE. I WOULDN'T WANT TO CHANGE A THING IN THIS ROOM, NOT A STICK. IT'S...IT'S LOVELY.

IN FACT... EVERY ROOM IS LOVELY...

THAT'S FUNNY. NONE OF THESE KEYS FIT THIS LOCK...



THE MYSTERIOUS ROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL ON THE TOP FLOOR. LAURA REMEMBERED THE FRUSTRATION AT NOT BEING ABLE TO UNLOCK THE DOOR... THE NATURAL CURIOSITY THAT GREW WITHIN HER...

TWENTY-ONE! TWENTY-TWO! TWENTY-THREE! THERE ARE TWENTY-THREE ROOMS IN THIS HOUSE. BUT, GILBERT SAID THERE WERE ONLY TWENTY-TWO! I WONDER WHY! I WONDER WHAT'S IN THIS ROOM THAT HE WANTS TO HIDE!

AND SHE REMEMBERED SULKING DOWN INTO THE LIVING-ROOM AND STARING UP AT THE PORTRAIT OF THE MAN WITH THE DARK FOREBODING EYES AND THE MATTED WHITE BEARD AND FEELING THAT CHILL ENCLOSE HER... MAKING HER SHIVER...

WHAT IS THERE ABOUT THAT PAINTING THAT SEEMS SO STRANGE? IS IT THE FACE? THE NAME? 'BARON GILLES DE RAIS.' IS THAT NAME FAMILIAR?

AND LAURA REMEMBERED HOW HER FEARS INCREASED... HOW HER LONELINESS MADE HER NERVOUS... AND THE SOUNDS AT NIGHT, KEEPING HER AWAKE, MAKING HER THINK... ABOUT THE ROOM WITHOUT A KEY... THE PAINTING...

...AND FINALLY, THE RELIEF WHEN GILBERT RETURNED...

OH, GILBERT. I... SOB... I MISSED YOU!

HOW ARE YOU, DARLING? WELL, DID YOU DECIDE ABOUT THE REDECORATING?

EVERYTHING IS PERFECT, GILBERT. I DON'T WANT TO CHANGE A THING! OH... ER... BUT THERE'S ONE ROOM I DIDN'T SEE. YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME THE KEY.

THAT ROOM IS NOT YOURS! THAT ROOM IS MINE! KEEP OUT OF IT!

LAURA REMEMBERED HOW GILBERT'S EYES GREW DARK LIKE THE EYES IN THE PORTRAIT...

BUT... WHY, GILBERT? WHAT ARE YOU HIDING?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! JUST STAY AWAY FROM THAT ROOM. YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU LIKE WITH THE OTHERS. BUT STAY AWAY FROM THAT ONE.

AND LAURA REMEMBERED HOW THE NEXT MORNING, GILBERT DID NOT SHAVE...

BUT, YOU'RE SO SEEDY-LOOKING, GILBERT!

I'M GROWING A BEARD, LAURA. I REALLY HATE TO SHAVE. SO, UNTIL MY NEXT BUSINESS TRIP...



LAURA REMEMBERED HOW STRANGE EVERYTHING WAS AFTER THAT. HER NERVOUSNESS, HER CURIOSITY ABOUT THE ROOM, GILBERT'S BEARD, BLACK AND SILKY, GROWING THICKER EACH DAY, UNTIL...



I HAVE TO GO ON ANOTHER BUSINESS TRIP TOMORROW, LAURA.

OH?

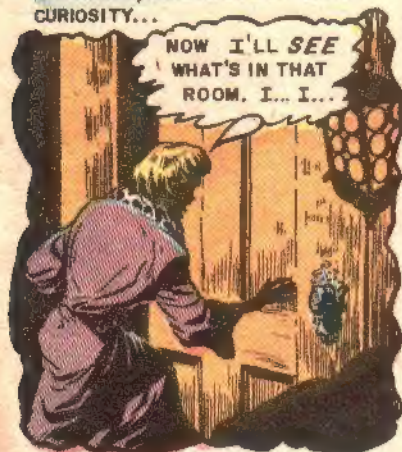
THE ROOM. THE PORTRAIT. WHAT WAS THERE THAT BOTHERED LAURA? SHE REMEMBERED GOING THROUGH GILBERT'S POCKETS THAT NIGHT...AND FINDING THE KEY,



...THE KEY TO THE ROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL ON THE TOP FLOOR!

WHEN LAURA'D AWAKENED THE NEXT MORNING, GILBERT WAS GONE. SHE'D HURRIED TO THE BATHROOM, TORTURED WITH BITING CURIOSITY...

SHE'D STARED DOWN AT THE BOTTLE ON THE SINK...



NOW I'LL SEE WHAT'S IN THAT ROOM. I... I...



WHAT'S THIS? 'BLACK DYE'! 'TINTS GREYING HAIR BLACK'! OH, NO!

LAURA'D LAUGHED... SO GILBERT WAS GETTING GREY AND HE WAS DYING HIS HAIR. SHE'D LAUGHED AT HIS BOYISHNESS, KEEPING SECRETS...



THE POOR DEAR...

SHE'D DRESSED QUICKLY AND RUSHED TO THE TOP FLOOR... TO THE DOOR AT THE END OF THE HALL. SHE'D INSERTED THE KEY NERVOUSLY... TURNED THE LATCH...

... AND SWUNG OPEN THE DOOR... AND SCREAMED...



E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E



**SEVEN BODIES!** SEVEN BODIES OF WOMEN, IN VARIOUS STAGES OF DECAY, THEIR THROATS SLIT, LAY BEFORE HER IN THAT HORRIBLE LITTLE ROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL...

SHE'D RUN, CRYING, FROM THE GORY SIGHT. AND THEN SHE'D THOUGHT OF THE BOTTLE OF BLACK DYE IN THE BATHROOM...

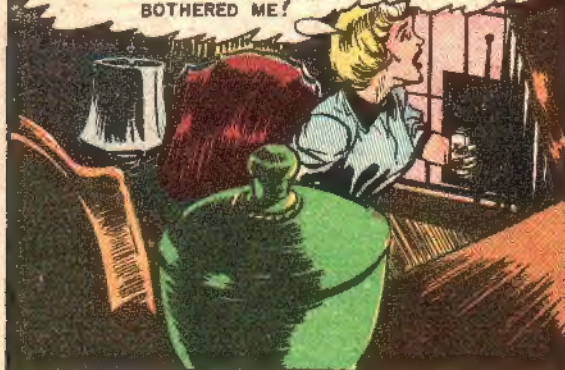


OF COURSE! THAT'S WHAT BOTHERED ME ABOUT THE PORTRAIT! THE COLOR...



LAURA STOOD UPON THE COFFEE TABLE BEFORE THE PORTRAIT, INHALING THE FUMES FROM THE TURPENTINE IN HER HAND...

THE COLOR OF THE BEARD! SO FRESH...SO CLEAN...SO UNYELLOWED WITH AGE. THAT'S WHAT BOTHERED ME!



SAVAGELY, LAURA SMEARED THE TURPENTINE-SOAKED WAD OF COTTON ACROSS THE PORTRAIT...SMEARING THE WHITE OF THE BEARD AWAY...DISSOLVING IT...REVEALING THE TRUE COLOR BENEATH...

BLUE! GOOD LORD! NOW I KNOW...



SHE SPUN AROUND. GILBERT STOOD THERE, GRINNING. THE TRUE COLOR OF HIS BEARD, TOO, HAD BEEN REMOVED. THE RAZOR GLISTENED IN HIS HAND...

YES, LAURA. **BARON GILLES DE RAIS** WAS THE ORIGINAL BLUEBEARD! AND I...EH, EH...AM CARRYING ON THE FAMILY TRADITION...

CHOKE...



AND SO, OUR TASTY TIDBIT ENDS, FIENDS, IN A...HEE, HEE...**CUTTING CLIMAX**. AND LIKE HER SEVEN PREDECESSORS, LAURA, TOO, ENDED UP IN THE LITTLE ROOM AT THE END OF THE HALL ON THE TOP FLOOR. AS FOR GILBERT, THE MODERN-DAY BLUEBEARD, HE'S TRAVELING AROUND THE COUNTRY, AGAIN, LOOKING FOR NUMBER **NINE** FOR HIS COLLECTION. SO...IF A GUY WITH A **5 O'CLOCK BLUE SHADOW** PROPOSES, GIRLS, **BEWARE!**

HE'S OUT FOR WHAT HE CAN **SLIT!** AND NOW...C.K. AWAITS. I'LL DIG YOU LATER...???



—THE END—



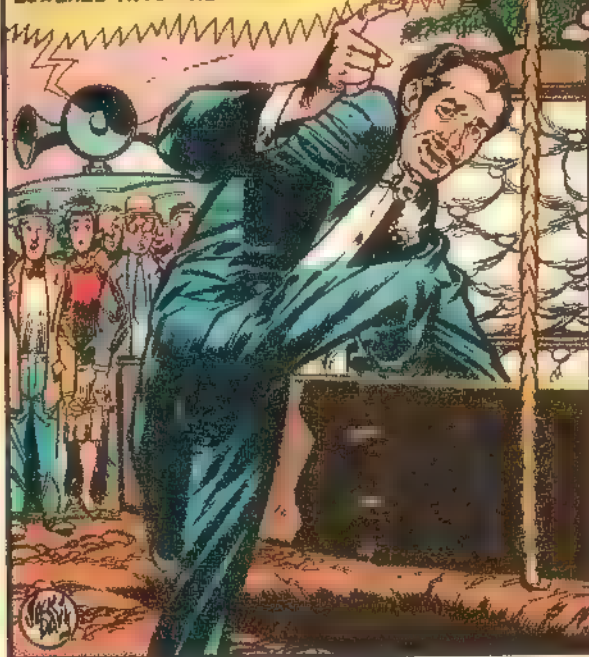
# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! NOW THAT THE OLD HAG HAS BORED YOU WITH HER SISSY-SCREAM-SCOOPINGS, IT'S TIME FOR A REAL TERROR TALE. SO CREEP INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR, CRUMBS, AND YOUR HOST IN HOWLS, THE CRYPT-KEEPER WILL CURDLE YOUR BLOOD AND SHIVER YOUR SPINE WITH ANOTHER CHILLER-DILLER FROM MY MOLDY COLLECTION. I CALL THIS EERIE ADVENTURE INTO THE NAUSEATING...

**DIG THAT CAT...  
HE'S REAL GONE!**

ULRIC, THE UNDYING, BOWED STIFFLY TO THE CHEERING CROWD, AND STEPPED GINGERLY INTO THE SATIN-LINED CASKET THAT RESTED, SUSPENDED, OVER THE YAWNING TEN-FOOT-DEEP PIT. A HUSH FELL OVER THE GATHERING OF THE CURIOUS THAT HAD COME TO WITNESS ULRIC'S LATEST SKIRMISH WITH DEATH. A VOICE ECHOED OVER A LOUDSPEAKER...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ULRIC, THE UNDYING, IS GETTING INTO THE COFFIN NOW. IN A MOMENT, ITS LID WILL BE SEALED AND IT WILL BE LOWERED INTO THE GRAVE...



ULRIC RECLINED IN THE COFFIN, THE LID WAS CLOSED, AND THE COFFIN WAS LOWERED INTO THE YAWNING EXCAVATION. THE VOICE COMING OVER THE P.A. SYSTEM RASPED ON, DESCRIBING THE ACTION FOR THOSE WHO COULD NOT SEE...

THE GRAVE DIGGERS ARE STEPPING FORWARD, FOLKS. THEY'RE SHOVELING THE EARTH BACK INTO THE GRAVE... COVERING THE COFFIN...





LYING IN THE DARKNESS, AMONG THE SATIN FOLDS THAT SURROUNDED HIM, **ULRIC, THE UNDYING** LAUGHED AS HE LISTENED TO THE VOICE FAR ABOVE HIM AND THE BOOMING SOUND OF THE EARTH STRIKING THE COFFIN-LID...

...EXPERTS CALCULATE THAT A MAN SEALED INTO THAT COFFIN WOULD **SUFFOCATE WITHIN AN HOUR**, FOLKS. **ULRIC** WILL REMAIN BURIED FOR **THREE HOURS...**

HEH, HEH... AND WHEN THEY DIG ME UP, THEY WILL EXAMINE ME, AND PRO-  
NOUNCE ME DEAD...

...BUT I WILL **LIVE AGAIN... RETURN FROM THE DEAD AGAIN** AS I HAVE RETURNED FROM THE DEAD **BEFORE**. AND **THIS... THIS** WILL BE MY **FAREWELL PERFORMANCE**. THIS WILL BE THE **LAST TIME** I WILL RETURN. IT IS THE **LAST TIME** I CAN RETURN...



'I REMEMBER HOW IT ALL BEGAN. HOW HE STOOD OVER ME AS I LAY DRUNK IN A DOORWAY ON SKID ROW... A DERELICT... A DOWN-AND-OUTER...'

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

NONE O' YER BUSINESS...

'...HOW HE BENT CLOSE TO ME... WHISPERING...'

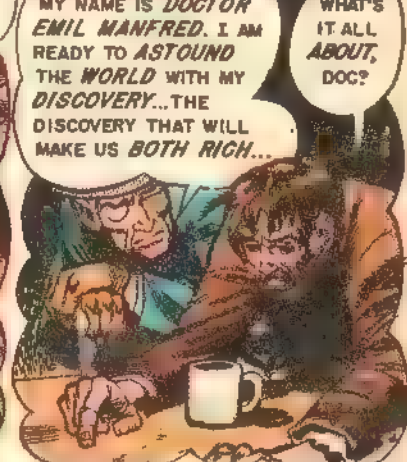
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE **RICH?** RICHER THAN YOU **EVER DREAMED...**

G'WAN... **SCRAM...**  
LE'ME BE...  
LE'ME...

'...HOW HE FED ME COFFEE UNTIL HE SOBERED ME UP... THEN TOLD ME HIS WILD STORY...'

MY NAME IS **DOCTOR EMIL MANFRED**. I AM READY TO **ASTOUND THE WORLD** WITH MY **DISCOVERY...** THE DISCOVERY THAT WILL MAKE US **BOTH RICH...**

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, DOC?



I HAVE DISCOVERED HOW TO **CHEAT DEATH**, MY FRIEND... HOW TO **DIE..** AND THEN TO **LIVE AGAIN...** NOT JUST **ONCE**, BUT **MANY TIMES!**

**DIE... AND LIVE AGAIN?**  
I DON'T GET IT!

YOU HAVE HEARD OF THE **SUPERSTITION** REGARDING THE **COMMON ALLEY CAT?** THE SUPERSTITION THAT A **CAT HAS NINE LIVES?** WELL, I HAVE **DISCOVERED THE CAT'S SECRET**, MY FRIEND.

WHAT? YOU MEAN...







YES! I CAN GIVE YOU THE MULTIPLE LIVES OF A CAT! I KNOW HOW! THINK WHAT THAT COULD MEAN!

GOOD LORD!



WITH A CAT'S ABILITY TO RETURN FROM THE DEAD TIME AND AGAIN, YOU COULD DEFY DEATH... BECOME FAMOUS... GIVE EXHIBITIONS THAT WOULD MAKE US RICH...

HOW, DOC? HOW CAN YOU DO IT?



IT IS A SIMPLE MATTER, MY FRIEND. AN OPERATION... REMOVING A CERTAIN GLAND FROM A COMMON CAT AND PLACING IT IN YOUR BODY. ARE YOU WILLING?

I DON'T KNOW...

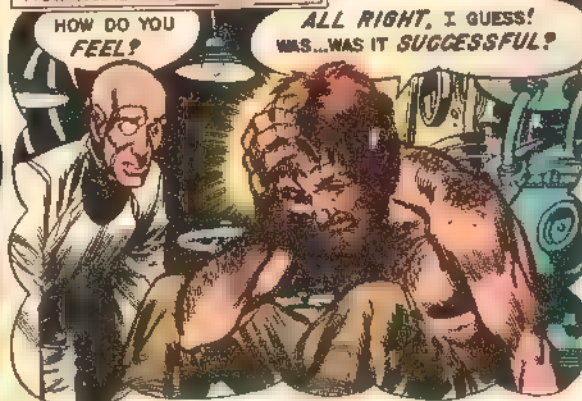
I REMEMBER HOW I FINALLY CONSENTED TO THE OPERATION. I REMEMBER LYING IN DOCTOR MANFRED'S LABORATORY, UPON A WHITE TABLE... WATCHING THE CAT WE'D CAPTURED SQUIRM BESIDE ME...



ARE YOU READY?

READY, DOC...

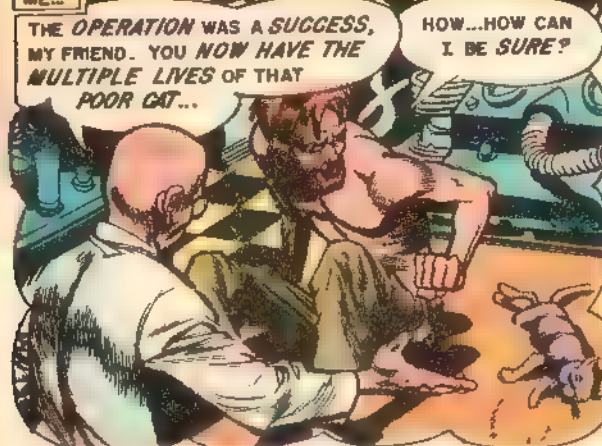
I REMEMBER THE SICKENING SMELL OF THE ETHER... THE CAT'S SHRILL SCREAM AS I SLIPPED INTO OBLIVION... AND THEN... WAKING...



HOW DO YOU FEEL?

ALL RIGHT, I GUESS! WAS... WAS IT SUCCESSFUL?

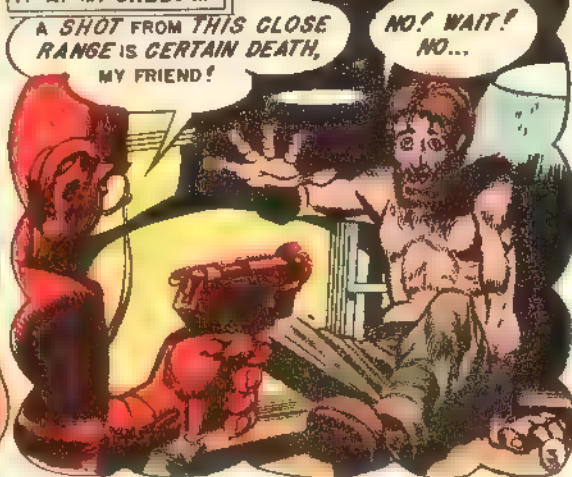
I REMEMBER HOW DOCTOR MANFRED NODDED AT THE STIFF SILENT FORM OF THE CAT ON THE OPERATING TABLE BESIDE ME...



THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS, MY FRIEND. YOU NOW HAVE THE MULTIPLE LIVES OF THAT POOR CAT...

HOW... HOW CAN I BE SURE?

...HOW DOCTOR MANFRED LIFTED THE GUN... POINTED IT AT MY CHEST...



A SHOT FROM THIS CLOSE RANGE IS CERTAIN DEATH, MY FRIEND!

NO! WAIT! NO...



**'I REMEMBER THE EXPLOSION...THE SEARING PAIN AS THE BULLET ENTERED MY CHEST...TORE INTO MY HEART...'**



**'I REMEMBER THE BLACKNESS CLOSING IN AROUND ME...AND THEN LIFTING...'**



**WELCOME BACK TO LIFE...ULRIC!**

**ULRIC?!**

**ULRIC, THE UNDYING!**  
THAT'S WHAT WE WILL CALL YOU! YOU WERE KILLED BY THAT BULLET, ULRIC! BUT NOW YOU HAVE RETURNED...TO START ANOTHER LIFE!

**THEN ONE OF THE LIVES WAS USED UP!**

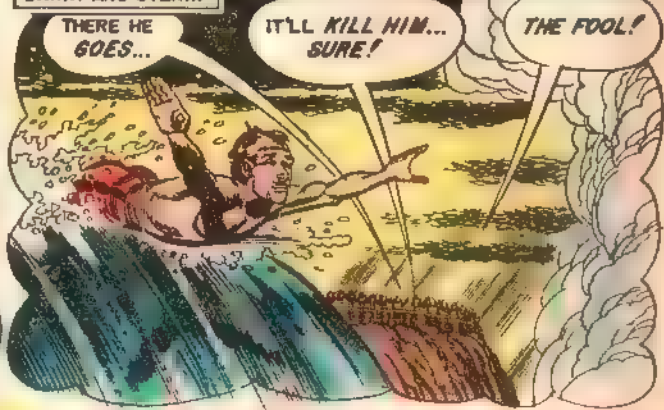


**EXACTLY! BUT WE WILL WASTE NO MORE. FROM NOW ON, WE WILL MAKE EACH OF YOUR LIVES PAY...AND PAY WELL!**

**ULRIC, THE UNDYING! I LIKE IT! WHEN DO WE START...**



**'I REMEMBER THE FIRST SPECTACLE. I'D ANNOUNCED THAT I WOULD GO OVER NIAGARA FALLS...WITHOUT A BARREL...AND LIVE. I REMEMBER THE RUSHING NIAGARA RIVER, SWEEPING PAST THE CROWDS THAT LINED THE SHORE...SWEEPING ME TO THE BRINK AND OVER...'**



**THERE HE GOES...**

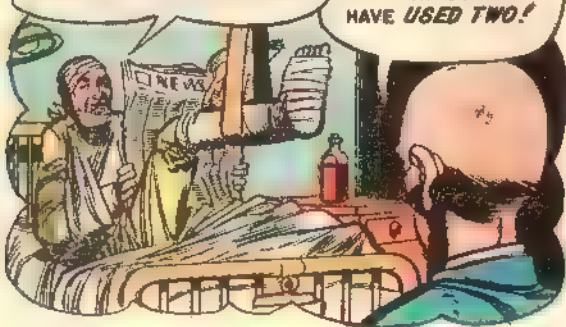
**IT'LL KILL HIM... SURE!**

**THE FOOL!**

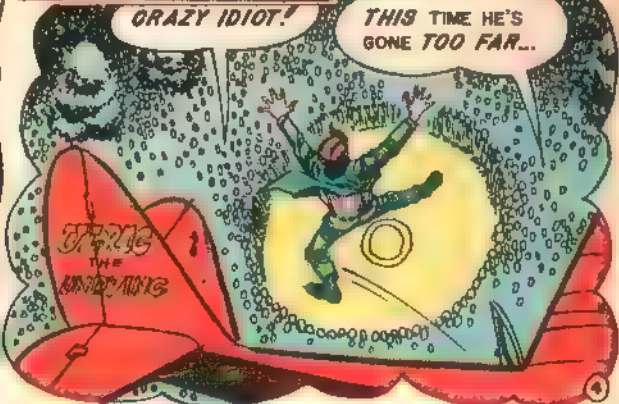
**'I REMEMBER THE MONTHS I SPENT RECOVERING... WAITING FOR BONES TO MEND...'**

**LISTEN TO THIS, DOC.. ULRIC DEFIES CERTAIN DEATH. SWIMS OVER FALLS AND LIVES! EARNS THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN WAGERS AND ADMISSIONS!**

**WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW, ULRIC, IS THAT YOU DID DIE! THIS IS ANOTHER LIFE YOU ARE LIVING... YOUR THIRD. YOU HAVE USED TWO!**



**'I REMEMBER MY SECOND SPECTACLE. I'D ANNOUNCED I WOULD LEAP FROM A PLANE FLYING AT TWO THOUSAND FEET...WITHOUT A PARACHUTE...AND LIVE. I REMEMBER STEPPING INTO SPACE OVER THE FIELD WHERE THE CROWDS HAD GATHERED...'**



**CRAZY IDIOT!**

**THIS TIME HE'S GONE TOO FAR...**

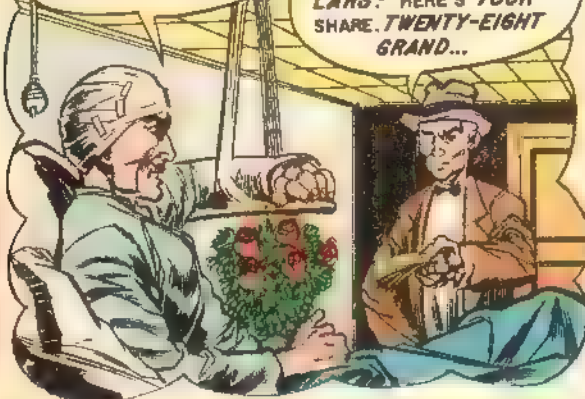
**ULRIC THE UNDYING**



'MORE MONTHS...WAITING FOR BROKEN BONES TO KNIT...  
TORN FLESH TO HEAL...'

HOW MUCH DID WE MAKE  
THIS TIME, DOC?

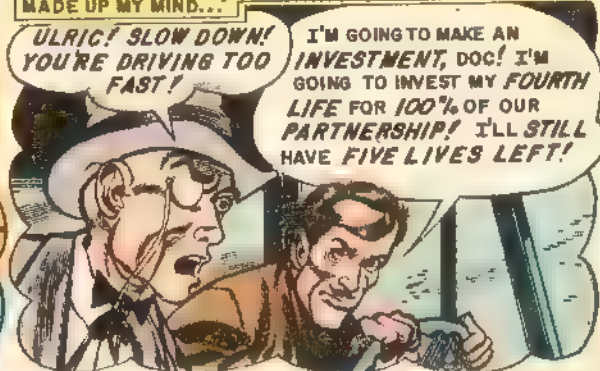
ALL TOLD...**FIFTY-  
SIX THOUSAND DOL-  
LARS!** HERE'S YOUR  
SHARE. **TWENTY- EIGHT  
GRAND...**



'I'D TAKEN A SLUG IN MY CHEST, I'D GONE OVER NIAGARA  
FALLS, AND I'D LEAPED FROM A PLANE FOR A TOTAL OF  
EIGHTY- SIX GRAND. I'D USED UP **THREE** OF MY **NINE**  
LIVES. I'D SUFFERED THE FEAR AND THE PAIN. BUT THE  
DOC, WHO ONLY WATCHED, TOOK **HALF THE DOUGH**. SO I  
MADE UP MY MIND...'

**ULRIC! SLOW DOWN!  
YOU'RE DRIVING TOO  
FAST!**

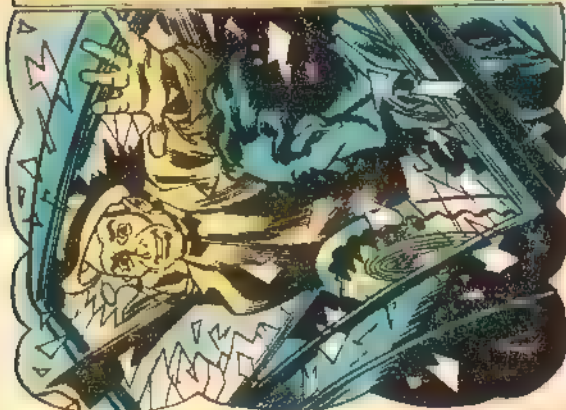
I'M GOING TO MAKE AN  
INVESTMENT, DOC! I'M  
GOING TO INVEST MY **FOURTH**  
LIFE FOR 100% OF OUR  
PARTNERSHIP! I'LL STILL  
HAVE **FIVE LIVES LEFT!**



'I REMEMBER THE DOC'S FACE AS I DROVE THE CAR  
OFF THE CLIFF...THE HORROR UPON IT...AND THEN, AS  
WE HIT, THE SUDDEN SMILE THAT SPREAD ACROSS IT...'

'DOC DIED INSTANTLY. I REVIVED. I WAS NOW IN MY **FIFTH**  
LIFE. BUT I COULDN'T FORGET THAT SMILE. I COULDN'T  
GET IT OUT OF MY MIND. AFTER I'D BEEN DISCHARGED  
FROM THE HOSPITAL, I ANNOUNCED TO THE NEWSPAPERS...'

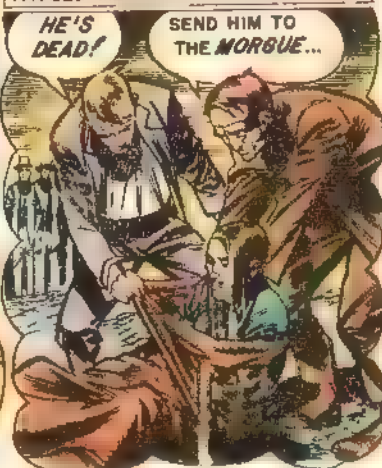
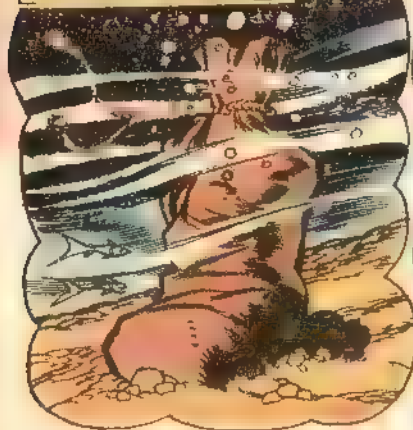
I WILL ALLOW MYSELF TO BE **TIED  
UP IN A SACK...WEIGHTED DOWN...  
AND DROPPED INTO THE RIVER  
FOR SIX HOURS. I AM WILLING TO  
TAKE ALL BETS THAT IT WILL NOT  
KILL ME...**



'MY **FIFTH** LIFE LEFT ME IN THE  
FORM OF TINY BUBBLES THAT ROSE  
UPWARD TO THE SURFACE AS I LAY  
IN THE MUD OF THE RIVER- BED ...  
TIED IN A BURLAP SACK...'

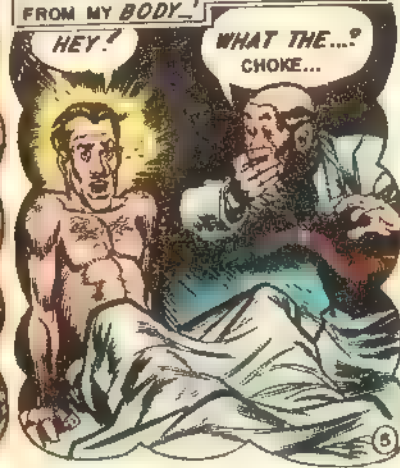
'BEFORE MY RIVER SPECTACLE,  
DOC HAD TAKEN **CARE** OF MY REVI-  
VALS...MY RETURNINGS. WHEN THEY  
HAULED ME UP AND EXAMINED ME...'

'...DOC WASN'T **AROUND** TO TAKE  
MY "CORPSE" AWAY. LUCKILY, I  
"CAME TO" IN MY **SIXTH** LIFE JUST  
BEFORE THEY DRAINED THE **BLOOD**  
FROM MY **BODY!**



**HE'S  
DEAD!**

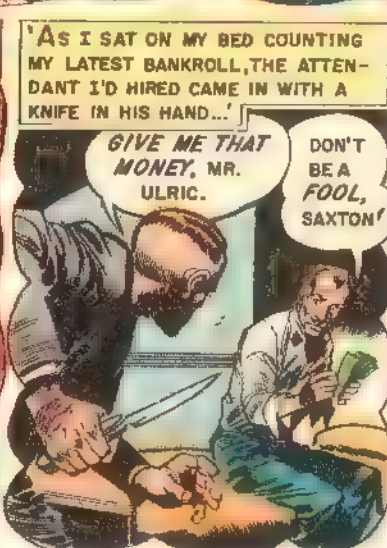
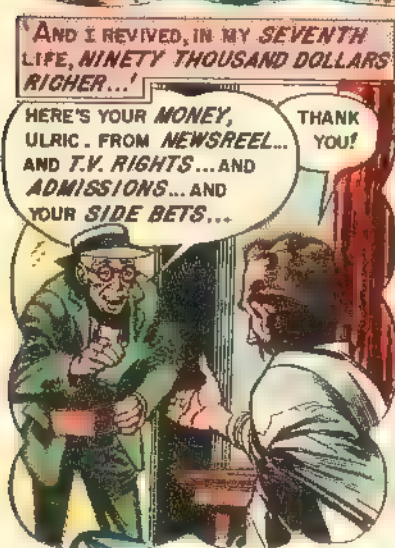
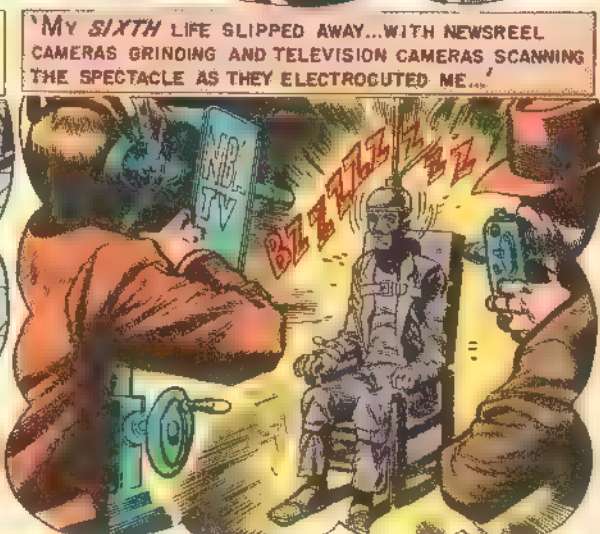
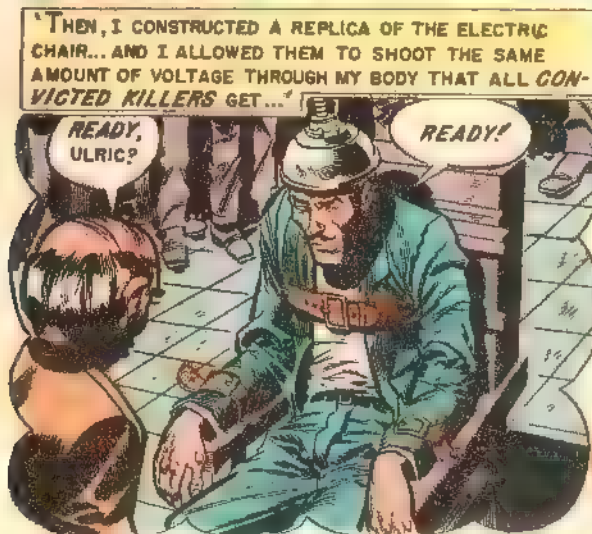
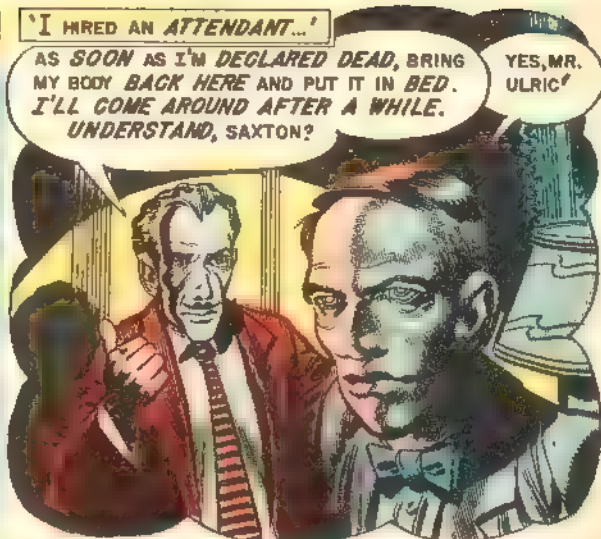
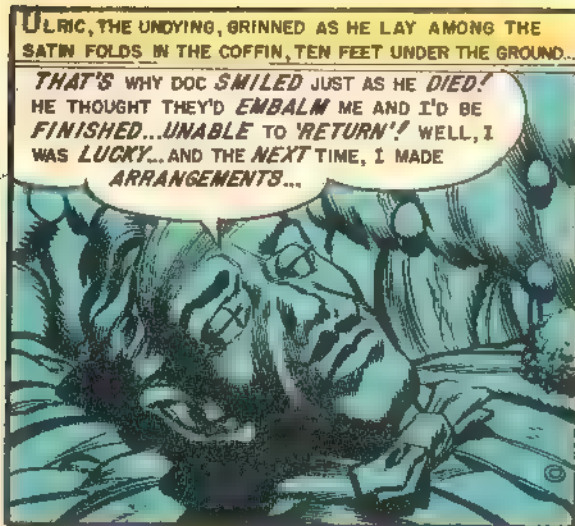
SEND HIM TO  
THE **MORGUE...**



**HEY?**

**WHAT THE...?  
CHOKED...**







ULRIC, THE UNDYING GULPED AT THE LAST TRACES OF OXYGEN IN THE BURIED COFFIN...

SO THIS IS THE **LAST TIME** I CAN **DIE** AND...  
GASP...**EXPECT TO RETURN!** THIS IS MY **EIGHTH**  
**LIFE**...GASP! WHEN I **REVIVE**...GASP...I WILL BE  
IN MY **NINTH LIFE!** MY **LAST LIFE!** WITH **FINAL**  
AND...GASP...**ETERNAL DEATH** AT ITS **END**...

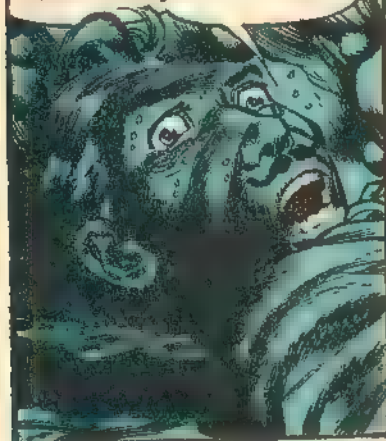
GASP! BUT...

...BUT I'M **RICH**, NOW...THANKS TO THAT **POOR CAT**...  
THAT **POOR CAT** LYING **DEAD** ON THE **TABLE** NEXT TO ME!



ULRIC SIGHED...HIS HEAD REELING...

...THAT **POOR CAT** THAT **DIED** SO  
THAT I COULD HAVE ITS **NINE**...  
**NINE**...OH, MY **LORD!**



ULRIC, THE UNDYING, SCREAMED.

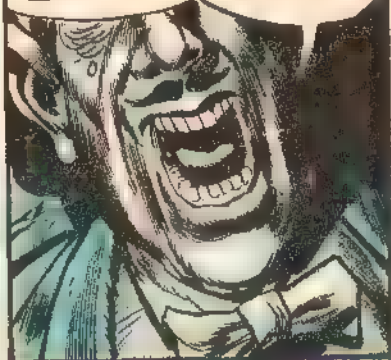
THAT **CAT!** IT **DIED** **ONCE!** I  
ONLY GOT **EIGHT** LIVES FROM IT!  
ONLY **EIGHT!** NO! NO!  
**LET ME OUT**  
**OF HERE!**



...AS THE **LAST TRACE** OF **OXYGEN**  
VANISHED FROM THE **COFFIN** BURIED  
SO **DEEP**...

THAT'S...CHOKE...WHY...THE...  
GASP...COUGH...DOG...LAUGHED!

**EEE AAAAGGHHHH!**



UP ABOVE, THE LOUDSPEAKER DRONED ON...

HE'S BEEN DOWN THERE  
OVER AN **HOUR**, FOLKS. HIS  
**OXYGEN** IS GONE BY NOW...

HEY, ED! DID...DID  
YOU **HEAR** SOMETHING?  
A **FAINT SCREAM?**

HUH?  
AW!  
MUSTA  
BEEN A  
**CAT** YOU  
HEARD,  
PHIL.



HEH, HEH, AND THAT'S MY **YELP-YARN**, FIENDS.  
ULRIC **COUNTED** HIS **NINE** LIVES VERY **CARE-**  
**FULLY**. TROUBLE WAS, HE ONLY HAD **EIGHT** TO  
**PLAY** WITH. **POOR PUSSY** USED UP **ONE**. WHEN  
THEY **DUG** UP ULRIC AT THE **END** OF THE **THREE**  
**HOURS**, HE WAS **DEAD**, ALL **RIGHT**. FOR **GOOD**,  
**TOO!** NOW I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO THE **OLD**

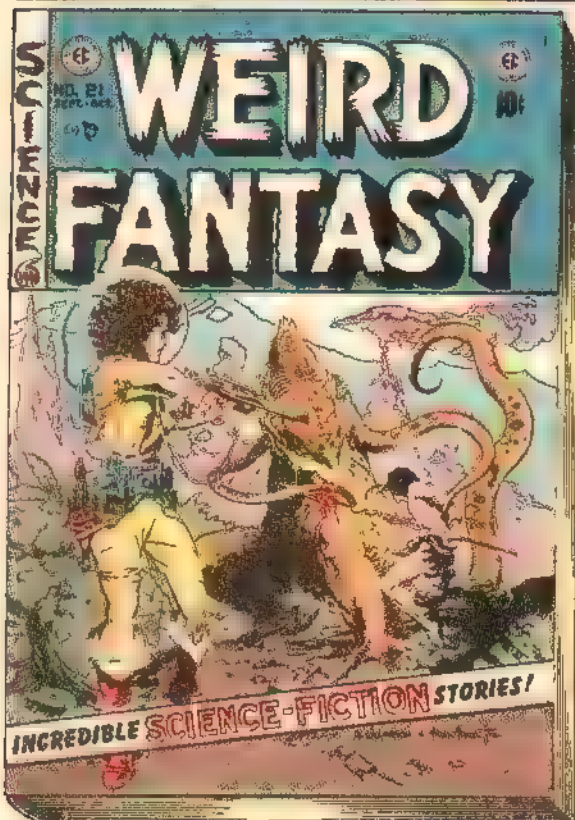
WITCH FOR MORE  
**MEOWS**. AND  
**LISTEN!** HERE'S  
A **TIP!** MAKE LIKE  
YOU'RE **READING**  
HER **COLUMN**. IF  
YOU **DON'T**...HEH,  
HEH...YOU MAY  
**ANGORA!** 'BYE...



-THE END-



**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST  
OF OUR SCIENCE FICTION  
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**



**LOOK FOR  
THESE SEALS  
WHEN YOU BUY!**

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## OUT OF SIGHT!



Ransom crouched in the weeds bordering the lake, watching with fear as the three men came running across the sweeping lawn. *Probably the chauffeur, the caretaker and the handyman*, Ransom thought uneasily. It was obvious, even at this distance, that they were armed; the tall man had a shotgun, the other two carried revolvers. His best chance to get out of sight was to skirt the lake, Ransom realized. Clinging to the protection of the water-edge foliage he might be able to slip into the woods on the other side. His fist tightened unconsciously around the necklace Ransom had just stolen from the estate house. Then he began to move, trying not to disturb the weeds . . . to merge with the greenery edging the lake.

A few yards further on, Ransom saw two large birds floating placidly, their sharp-beaked heads turned toward him. Swans, Ransom thought . . . *biggest I've ever seen. Mean eyes, too. Don't like the way they're watching me. Coming this way now!*

Ransom stood silent a moment, warily watching the big birds circle slowly, barely rippling the water as they moved closer. He remembered hearing about the ferocity swans were capable of . . . when aroused, he recalled, they displayed the savagery of wild animals. Those wings were incredibly powerful . . . and their beaks were supposed to have the deadly sharpness of swords . . .

A crash in the underbrush startled Ransom. Sucking his breath into his



lungs, he plunged on through the weeds. They're just a couple of harmless birds, he assured himself. They won't keep ME from getting to the other side of the lake!

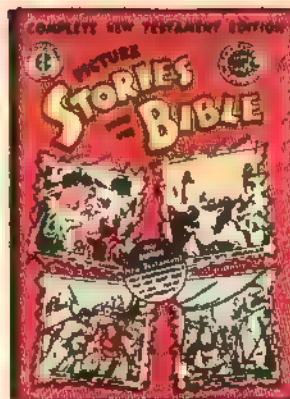
They were uncomfortably close now, their beady eyes riveted on him. With a gasp of anger Ransom picked up a large stone and hurled it... heard it thwunk against one of the birds. Now they'd get out of his way... give him clear passage...

In the next instant they were on him, their horrible hissing loud in his ears. He raised an arm to ward off the attack, felt a numbing shock all the way to his shoulder as a ponderous wing slashed at him. With a cry of pain he realized that the arm was paralyzed. Possibly a bone broken in that furious attack... or a nerve damaged...

He slipped and went down in a cascade of frothing water. When Ransom rose to the surface, gasping for breath, all he could see was a whirl of heavy white feathers and beady, hate-filled eyes. And the long, razor-sharp beaks aimed at his head!

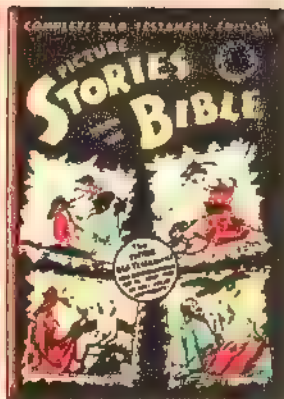
Then an excruciating pain turned everything blood-red before him. His face seemed a raw, open wound... his nose, his mouth and eyes seemed aflame with agony. He tried to raise an arm to defend himself, but the stabbing at his face was making him scream like a madman. He felt himself sliding back into the water, his body shaking with fiery spasms as if every nerve was exposed... vulnerable...

And he was aware of one other thing... he couldn't see! Those savage swans... their needle-like beaks were being driven with demoniac fury, again and again, into his eyes! Or what was left of them! And Ransom was completely at their mercy...



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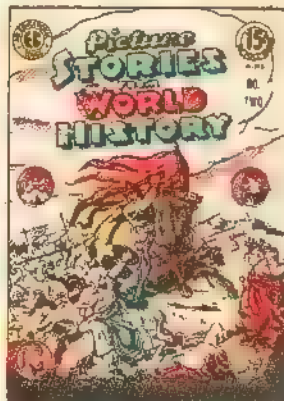


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# THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

Hummmmp! V.K. got HIS! Now I'm gettin' MINE! When my mercenary idiot editors get hold of somethin', they NEVER let go! So sit back and suffer through . . . if you haven't already . . . the announcement of their latest insidious money-grabbing scheme . . . namely, the formation of a national E.C. fan organization. O.K., knuckle-noggins . . . crack open the pitch! —O.W.

Thanks ever so much, old girl, for the charming introduction to our happy news. But before launching into the sordid details of the club, we would like to sketch in a little background. We started out with two conditions that positively had to be met:

1) Our club would have to be a different kind of fan club . . . a continuously active club that would provide long-range interest, enjoyment and benefits for its members! And . . .

2) Our club would have to be a non-profit fan club! Incredible as it may seem, the only income we at E.C. derive . . . or care to derive! . . . from our efforts comes from the newsstand sales of our 10c mags. We actually lose a little on subscriptions, and make very little on the annuals . . . both are primarily offered as services to promote good will! If you readers want a fan club, we're more than happy to oblige . . . but, again, as a service, not for profit!

So here's what we've come up with . . .

1) **THE NAME:** As one reader wrote a while back, "E.C. magazines are habit-forming." So what could be more logical than to call the organization, "THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB"?

2) **THE SET-UP:** The E.C. Fan-Addict Club will consist of the national "parent" organization, and local chapters. Everyone who joins will be a member of the national organization. In addition, any group of five or more prospective members may join as an authorized chapter of the national organization. Each such chapter will be assigned a charter number. The name and address of the elected president of each authorized chapter will be made available to all members, so that those who are not already a member of a chapter will be able to join the one nearest them if they wish to.

3) **WHAT YOU GET:** Each member will receive a full-color 7½ by 10½ membership certificate, suitable for framing; a wallet-size

membership identification card; a striking membership patch for sweaters, jackets, etc.; and a very distinguished-looking membership pin!

4) **COST OF JOINING:** Membership in THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB will set you back two bits . . . 25c! This 25c represents the exact cost to us (plus or minus a fraction of a cent!) of one envelope, one stamp, and the above mentioned four items . . . certificate, card, patch, and pin! (The cost of Ruby's and Nancy's loving labor in packing and mailing is lovingly donated by E.C.)

5) **POSSIBLE FUTURE PLANS:** We are considering publishing an E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB BULLETIN, containing such features as national and local chapter news; advance inside information on new titles, future stories, and special issues, etc.; articles and stories submitted by members; and a "back-issue trading post!" Only club members would be eligible to subscribe, with the price and frequency of publication yet to be decided upon.

We are also considering some sort of "E.C. Surprise-of-the-Month" plan for members. What the surprises might be, and what we might have to clip you for THIS one, is also as yet undetermined.

6) **IF YOU'RE STILL INTERESTED:** For an individual membership, send 25c, along with your clearly printed name and address, to:

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB  
Room 706  
225 Lafayette Street  
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

If five or more of you wish to join as an authorized chapter, enclose each member's name and address, along with 25c for each name, and indicate the name of the elected president. We will notify each president of his chapter's charter number . . . but each chapter member will receive his membership credentials, etc., individually.

So that's it! Meet new friends. Make new enemies. See the world. Spend money. Join THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!!!

(In honor of the occasion, we will forego the usual subscription plug that 6 issues of this, or any other E.C. mag, cost 75c.—ed.)



HERE'S A HORROR YARN THAT'S A

# CORKER!



THE MAN AND THE WOMAN STOOD UPON THE STOOP OF THE OLD BROWNSTONE HOUSE BEFORE THE HUGE GLASS FRONT DOOR WITH ITS INTRICATE BLACK WROUGHT-IRON GRILL WORK. THE WOMAN LIFTED A NERVOUS FINGER TOWARD THE BELL. THE MAN CAUGHT HER HAND IN A FINAL PLEA...

FOR GOD'S SAKE, JANET. FORGET THIS INSANE IDEA ABOUT EVIL SPIRITS AND WITCHCRAFT AND THE OCCULT. NO PHONY SWAMI CAN HELP YOU. COME BACK TO THE OFFICE... WITH ME...

NO, PETER. YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE. WE'VE GOTTEN NOWHERE WITH PSYCHIATRY. YOU'VE PROBED INTO MY PAST AND MY SUBCONSCIOUS AND YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO HELP ME. THE SWAMI IS MY ONLY CHANCE, NOW...



KAMEN  
BY  
ELDER

THE MAN LOOKED INTO THE WOMAN'S EYES...

DARLING, THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN HELP YOU IS YOURSELF. ONCE YOU REALIZE THAT I LOVE YOU AND THERE'S NOTHING FOR YOU TO BE ASHAMED OF, YOU WON'T WANT TO DO... TO DO WHAT YOU'VE TRIED TO DO SO MANY TIMES...

WE'VE BEEN ALL THROUGH THIS, PETER. PLEASE! LET ME GO...



THE WOMAN PRESSED THE BELL. FOOTSTEPS ECHOED WITHIN. A FIGURE IN AN EMBROIDERED SATIN ROBE WEARING A BEJEWELED TURBAN PEERED THROUGH THE IRON-GRILLED DOOR... SWUNG IT OPEN...

YES? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

YOU MAY NOT REMEMBER ME, SWAMI. MY NAME IS JANET DALY. THIS IS MY FIANCE, DOCTOR PETER RAYMOND. I USED TO ATTEND YOUR SEANCES... YEARS AGO...

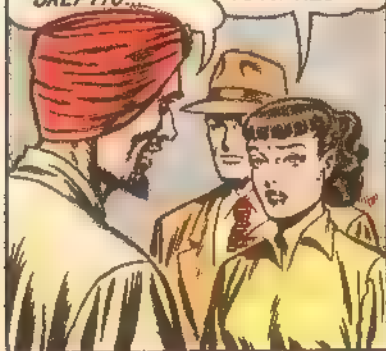




THE SWAMI STUDIED THE WOMAN... THEN SMILED...

AN, YES! MISS DALY! OF COURSE I REMEMBER YOU. YOU WERE, HOW SHALL I SAY IT, A DOUBTER... AN UNBELIEVER... A SKEPTIC...

I WAS SKEPTICAL, SWAMI, YES! BUT NOW, I NEED YOUR HELP...



THE WOMAN BEGAN TO WEEP...

I... SOB... I HAVE NOWHERE ELSE TO GO... NO ONE ELSE... SOB... TO TURN TO...

MISS DALY IS EMOTIONALLY IN, UPSET, FRANKLY MISS DALY... I THINK IT WOULD BE BEST IF I TOOK HER... COME IN!



THE SWAMI LED THE SOBBING WOMAN AND THE DOCTOR INTO A DIMLY LIT ROOM AND BID THEM SEAT THEMSELVES. HE STOOD OVER THEM...

NOW... WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?

IT... IT BEGAN ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO. BEFORE THEN, I WAS SERIOUS-MINDED... INTENSE... IN LOVE WITH PETER... AN EMOTIONALLY STABLE PERSON...



PETER AND I HAD MET IN COLLEGE. HE'D BEEN TAKING A POST GRADUATE COURSE IN PSYCHIATRY, AND I'D BEEN MAJORING IN JOURNALISM. WE FELL IN LOVE...

...AND WHEN I GET A PRACTICE STARTED, WE CAN BE MARRIED AND SETTLE DOWN IN A PLACE OF OUR OWN... AND HAVE KIDS...

...AND I COULD WORK UNTIL THEN, AND WE'D HAVE SOME MONEY SAVED. OH, DARLING... IT'S GOING TO BE SO WONDERFUL...



AFTER I'D GRADUATED, I'D GOTTEN A JOB ON A NEWSPAPER. PETER, MEANWHILE, CONTINUED WORKING TOWARD HIS DEGREE. WE SAW EACH OTHER OFTEN...

JUST THINK, BABY. IN ANOTHER WEEK, I GET MY DOCTORATE... BUY MYSELF A COUCH... AND I'M IN BUSINESS.

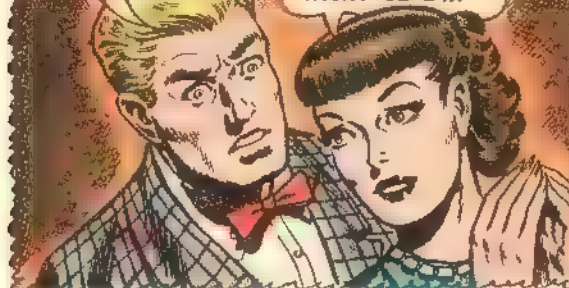
AND MAYBE, WITH A LITTLE LUCK, WE CAN BE MARRIED SOON...



THEN, AS I SAID, ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO SOMETHING HAPPENED TO ME. I SUDDENLY FELT TIED-DOWN, BORED, VAPID. I SUDDENLY WANTED PLEASURE, EXCITEMENT, STIMULATION...

BUT THE CONCERT, JANET! I HAVE TICKETS!

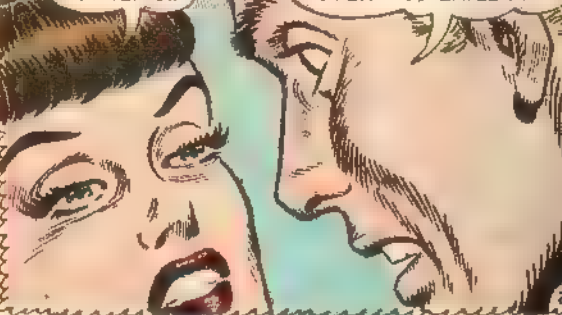
FORGET THE CONCERT, PETER. LET'S GO SOMEPLACE THRILLING TONIGHT. LET'S GO TO A NIGHT CLUB...



I'D ALWAYS BEEN THE INTELLECTUAL TYPE. THAT'S WHY I'D COME TO YOUR SEANCES. FOR PURELY INTELLECTUAL REASONS, I'D ALWAYS LOVED MUSIC... ART... LITERATURE, BUT SUDDENLY, I REJECTED THOSE THINGS. I REJECTED EVERYTHING GOOD. I SEEKED OUT EVIL!

KISS ME, DARLING...

JANET! WHAT'S COME OVER YOU LATELY...





PETER INTERRUPTED JANET'S STORY...

SHE...SHE WAS LIKE AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PERSON. SHE WAS SUDDENLY INTERESTED ONLY IN PLEASURE...GOOD-TIMES... WILDNESS. I TRIED TO TALK TO HER...

...AND WHEN PETER OBJECTED ...I EVEN REJECTED HIM. I STARTED GOING OUT WITH OTHER MEN...

...AND THEN...JUST LIKE THAT...ONE MORNING, I WOKE UP TIRED AND SAD AND SOBER AND MOROSE AND I DIDN'T WANT ANY MORE GOOD TIMES. I WANTED TO DIE...

PETER...SOB. CAN YOU COME OVER QUICKLY? I'M...I'M SICK! I...I... HURRY...PLEASE...

OF COURSE, JANET! I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!



PETER BEGAN AGAIN...

WHEN I GOT TO JANET'S PLACE, I FOUND HER STANDING IN THE KITCHEN WITH A KNIFE IN HER HANDS...

I WAS GOING TO KILL MYSELF, SWAMI. I WANTED TO SLIT MY THROAT. IF IT WEREN'T FOR PETER, I'D...I'D...



JANET PUT HER HEAD IN HER HANDS. PETER CONTINUED...

SHE'S ATTEMPTED TO KILL HERSELF SEVERAL TIMES SINCE THEN. I'VE TRIED TO HELP HER BUT SHE REFUSES TO BE HELPED. I'VE EVEN TRIED PSYCHO-THERAPY...TO GET AT THE BASIC CAUSE OF THIS COMPULSION FOR SELF-DESTRUCTION...

IT ISN'T IN MY MIND, SWAMI. I KNOW IT. THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE OF ME...FORCING ME TO TRY TO DESTROY MYSELF. THAT'S WHY I'VE COME TO YOU!



SHE TALKS WILDLY. SHE TALKS OF DEMONS AND WITCHERY AND NON-SENSE LIKE THAT!

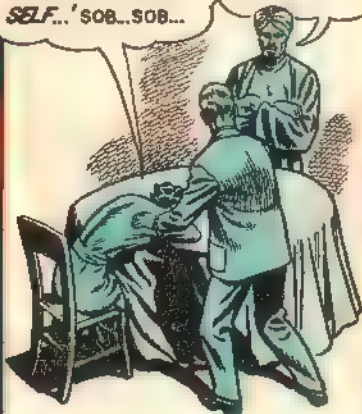
IT ISN'T NON-SENSE, WITCHED, DOCTOR RAYMOND! I'M BE-SENSE, SWAMI. I KNOW IT!

THERE'S A VOICE INSIDE OF ME. IT KEEPS TELLING ME, 'KILL YOURSELF.. DESTROY YOURSELF...' SOB...SOB...

YOUR FIANCE IS POSSESSED BY A LAMIA, DOCTOR RAYMOND...

A...A WHAT?

A LAMIA...AN EVIL SPIRIT...AN ESSENCE OF POLLUTION AND DEGRADATION... A SUPER-NATURAL MALFEASANT... IN OTHER WORDS, A DEVIL...





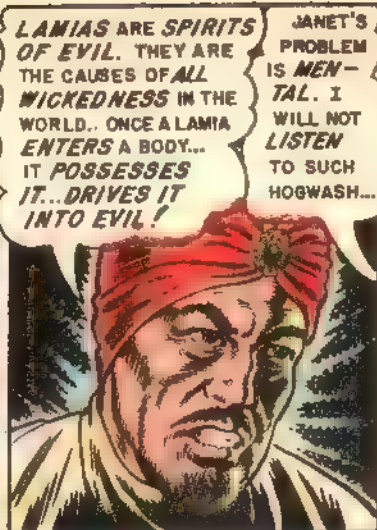
**PETER SCOFFED...**

**RIDICULOUS. THERE'S NO SUCH THING! IT DOESN'T EXIST!**

AH, BUT YOU'RE **WRONG, DOCTOR RAYMOND. THE LAMIA EXISTS... IN MANY FORMS...**



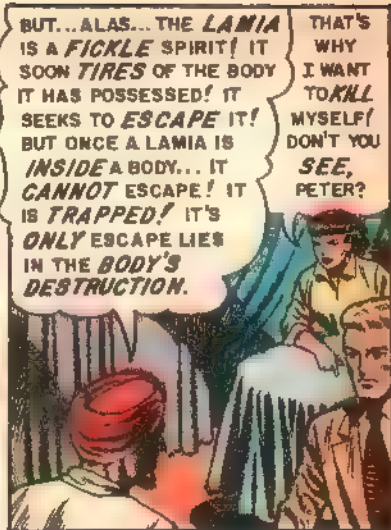
**LAMIAS ARE SPIRITS OF EVIL. THEY ARE THE CAUSES OF ALL WICKEDNESS IN THE WORLD.. ONCE A LAMIA ENTERS A BODY... IT POSSESSES IT...DRIVES IT INTO EVIL!**



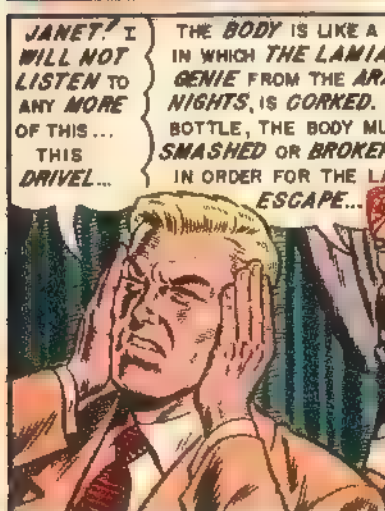
**JANET'S PROBLEM IS MEN-TAL. I WILL NOT LISTEN TO SUCH HOGWASH...**

**BUT...ALAS... THE LAMIA IS A FICKLE SPIRIT! IT SOON TIRES OF THE BODY IT HAS POSSESSED! IT SEEKS TO ESCAPE IT! BUT ONCE A LAMIA IS INSIDE A BODY... IT CANNOT ESCAPE! IT IS TRAPPED! IT'S ONLY ESCAPE LIES IN THE BODY'S DESTRUCTION.**

**THAT'S WHY I WANT TO KILL MYSELF! DON'T YOU SEE, PETER?**



**JANET! I WILL NOT LISTEN TO ANY MORE OF THIS... THIS DRIVEL...**



THE **BODY** IS LIKE A **BOTTLE**, IN WHICH THE **LAMIA**, LIKE A **GENIE** FROM THE **ARABIAN NIGHTS**, IS **GORKED**. AND LIKE A **BOTTLE**, THE **BODY** MUST BE **SMASHED OR BROKEN OR RENT** IN ORDER FOR THE **LAMIA** TO **ESCAPE...**



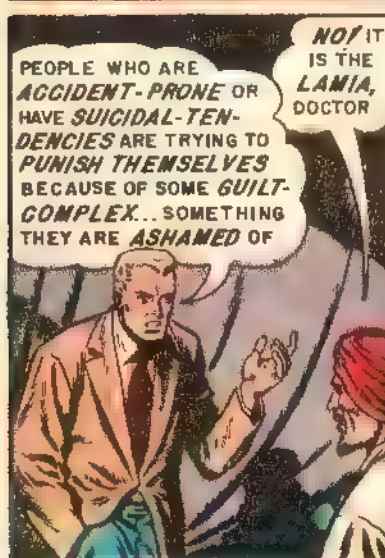
THINK OF THE **LAMIA-POSSESSED PEOPLE** THAT LEAP FROM **TALL BUILDINGS** AND **SPLATTER THEMSELVES** UPON THE **CONCRETE**. THINK OF THE **ACCIDENT-PRONE PEOPLE** THAT **SMASH THEIR CARS** AND THEIR **BODIES** INTO **TREES**, INTO **OTHER CARS**, AND INTO **BRICK WALLS...**

THINK OF THE **LAMIA-POSSESSED** WHO **LIFT GUNS** TO THEIR **TEMPLES...KNIVES** TO THEIR **BREASTS... RAZORS** TO THEIR **WRISTS...**



PEOPLE WHO ARE **ACCIDENT-PRONE** OR HAVE **SUICIDAL-TENDENCIES** ARE TRYING TO **PUNISH THEMSELVES** BECAUSE OF SOME **GUILT-COMPLEX...SOMETHING** THEY ARE **ASHAMED** OF

**NO! IT IS THE LAMIA, DOCTOR**



IT **ESCAPES** THROUGH THE **BULLET HOLE... THE SLASHED WRIST. THE SLIT THROAT...THE ACCIDENT-LACERATED BODY. IT ESCAPES** BECAUSE IT IS **BORED. IT ESCAPES AND ENTERS ANOTHER BODY...**

**COME ON, JANET! YOU'RE GOING HOME!**



**WAIT, PETER! WAIT! SWAMI, CAN YOU HELP ME? CAN YOU TAKE MY LAMIA FROM ME BEFORE IT DESTROYS ME?**

IT IS ALL ACCORDING TO THE **TYPE OF LAMIA** THAT **POSSESSES YOU, MISS DALY. THERE ARE WAYS, BUT THEY ARE COSTLY...**

**HA!**





PETER SNATCHED JANET'S HAND, PULLING HER FROM THE ROOM...

HA! THERE! YOU SEE! PETER! IT WILL BE COSTLY! THAT'S ALL HE'S INTERESTED IN! MONEY! YOU'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE!



THE SWAMI CALLED AFTER JANET...

SIX MONTHS AGO, MISS DALY! THINK! WHAT VIOLENT DEATH DID YOU WITNESS SIX MONTHS AGO? WHEN COULD THE LAMIA HAVE ENTERED YOUR BODY? WHAT DID YOU SEE? WHAT DEATH WERE YOU NEAR?



PETER HESITATED. THERE WAS A MOMENT OF SILENCE. JANET GASPED...

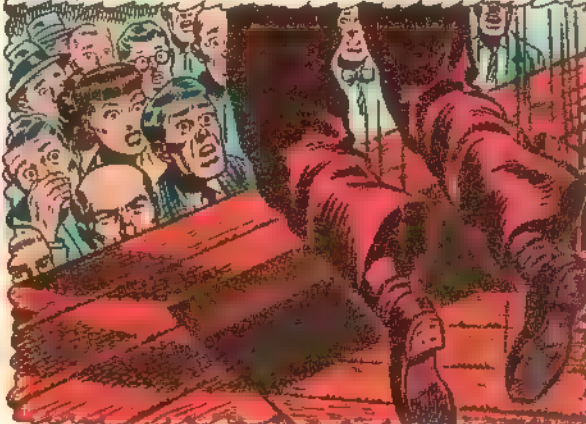
OF COURSE! I WAS SENT UPSTATE... TO THE PRISON... TO COVER A HANGING... FOR THE PAPER!



YOU SEE, A HANGING DOESN'T RUPTURE THE BODY... DOESN'T 'OPEN' A 'DOOR' FOR THE LAMIA TO ESCAPE... THIS... CHOKER... THIS HANGING DID! THE CONVICTED KILLER WAS A HUGE MAN... OVERWEIGHT...



...WHEN THE TRAP SPRUNG, HIS BODY PLUNGED DOWNWARD, AND THE ROPE... TORE HIS HEAD OFF...



THE SWAMI TURNED WHITE...

A... A DECAPITATION LAMIA. NO! OH, LORD... JANET! FOR GOD'S SAKE... STOP THIS AND COME...



THE SWAMI SWORE...

DOCTOR RAYMOND! THIS IS SERIOUS! THE DECAPITATION LAMIA IS IMPOSSIBLE TO REMOVE. IT WILL ONLY EXIT THROUGH THE 'NECK' OF THE BOTTLE'... BY UNCORKING IT!





JANET SWUNG OPEN THE HUGE GRILL-DOOR AND STUMBLED DOWN THE STEPS OF THE OLD BROWN-STONE HOUSE...



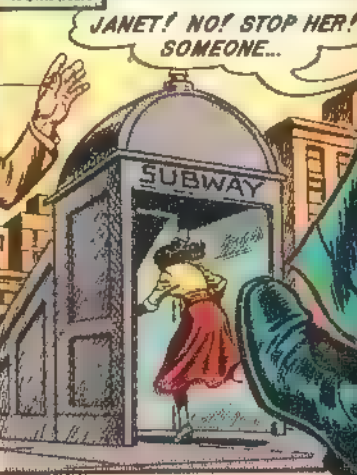
JANET!

PETER TORE AFTER HER AS SHE RAN WILDLY UP THE BLOCK...



BLASTED SWAMI... FILLING HER SICK MIND WITH SUCH ROT...

THE SUBWAY KIOSK LOOMED UP BEFORE THE WIDE-EYED TERRORIZED WOMAN...



JANET! NO! STOP HER! SOMEONE...

SHE DARTED DOWN THE STEPS...INTO THE ROARING DARKNESS. PETER CLOSE BEHIND HER...

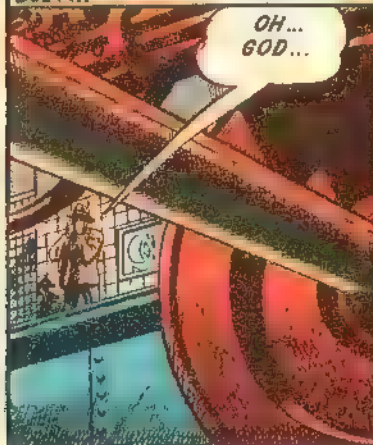


JANET! COME BACK! NO! NO!

THE STATION WAS ALMOST DESERTED. LIGHTS SWEEPED DOWN THE GLEAMING STEEL RAILS...INTO THE EMPTY STATION. A TRAIN WAS COMING. JANET FLAILED AT THE PLATFORM EDGE. HER SCREAM ECHOED OFF TILED WALLS AS SHE FELL...



PETER WATCHED, HORRIFIED, AS THE KNIFE-LIKE WHEELS OF THE SUBWAY TRAIN PASSED OVER JANET'S NECK, SEVERING HER HEAD FROM HER BODY...



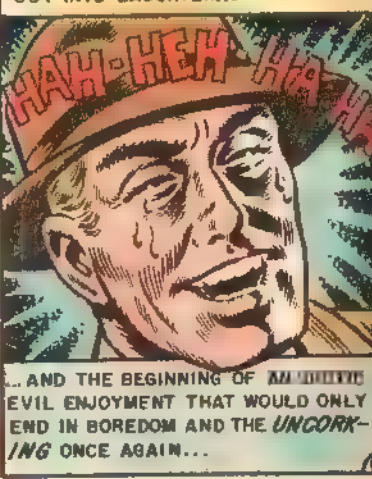
OH... GOD...

...LIKE AN *UNCORKING*...LIKE AN *OPENING* OF A BOTTLE OF BURGUNDY...THE RED WINE FOUNTAINING. AND THEN THE MIST RISING... AND COMING TOWARD PETER...



JANET! MY... SOB... MY... JANET...

...AND THEN THE SUDDEN STRANGE FEELING DEEP INSIDE PETER. THE GIDDYNESS AND DELIGHT... BURSTING OUT INTO LAUGHTER...



...AND THE BEGINNING OF AN ~~AMBITIOUS~~ EVIL ENJOYMENT THAT WOULD ONLY END IN BOREDOM AND THE *UNCORKING* ONCE AGAIN...



# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

NEH, NEH! IT'S SO NICE TO SEE YOUR PUTRID PUSSES AGAIN, CREEPS, PEERING INTO THE VAULT. WELL, YOUR HAPPY HOST IN HOWLS, THE VAULT-KEEPER (THAT'S ME, IN THE LIVID FLESH) IS READY TO RELATE ANOTHER REVOLTING TALE FROM MY APPETIZING ASSORTMENT. SO, COME IN...CURL UP ON THAT DISSECTION TABLE THERE, AND I'LL BEGIN THE SCREAM-STORY I CALL...

## The HIGH COST of DYING!

OUR STORY BEGINS IN PARIS ON A SWELTERING SUMMER NIGHT IN 1867. A CART RATTLES THROUGH DESERTED COBBLE-STONED STREETS...PAST DARKENED STORES AND SHUTTERED HOUSES...DOWN WINDING ALLEYS ALIVE WITH SCAMPERING GREY SHADOWS...AND FINALLY UP ONTO ONE OF THE COUNTLESS BRIDGES THAT SPAN THE RIVER SEINE. THE SHABBILY DRESSED FIGURE, PULLING THE NOISY CART, GASPS AND STRAINS AS HE LABORS UP THE INCLINE OF THE BRIDGE TOWARD ITS CENTER. HIS TORN AND SHREDDED SHIRT IS WET WITH PERSPIRATION, AND HIS GRIMY FACE IS STREAKED BY THE TEARS THAT FILL HIS EYES AND OVERFLOW THEIR LIDS...



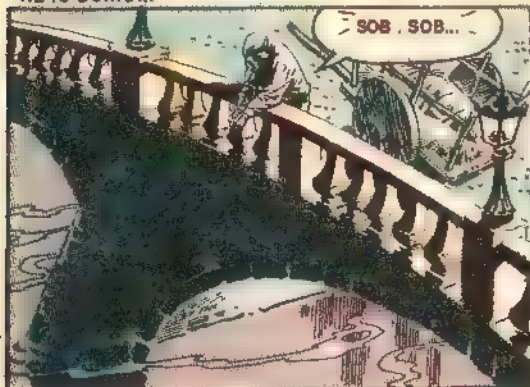
R CRANDALL

HIS NAME IS HENRI COURBET. HE STOPS NOW, RESTING... WIPING HIS WET EYES WITH THE BACK OF HIS HUGE HAND. HE TURNS AND GLANCES BEHIND HIM...AT THE CART...AT THE BODY LYING UPON IT, WRAPPED IN BURLAP, LYING STILL AND SILENT AND NEVERMORE TO MOVE OR LAUGH OR TALK OR CRY, AS NOW HENRY IS CRYING...

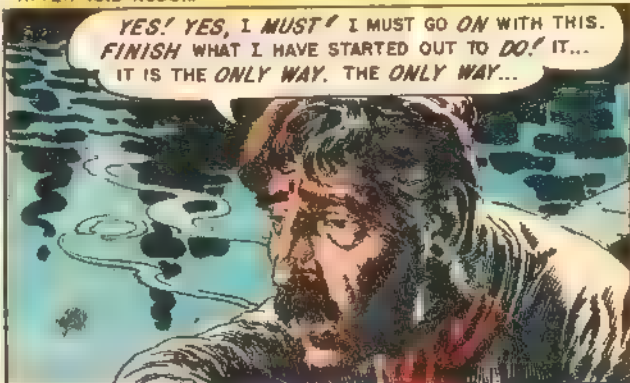




FOR A WHILE, HENRI STARES DOWN AT THE MUDDY FOG-BLANKETED RIVER, SHAKING HIS HEAD, HATING HIMSELF FOR THIS...THIS HORRIBLE THING THAT HE IS DOING...

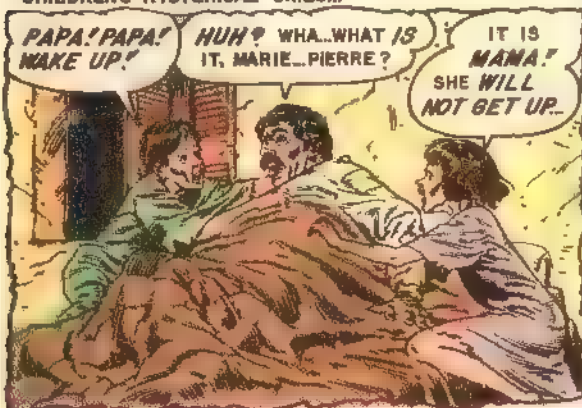
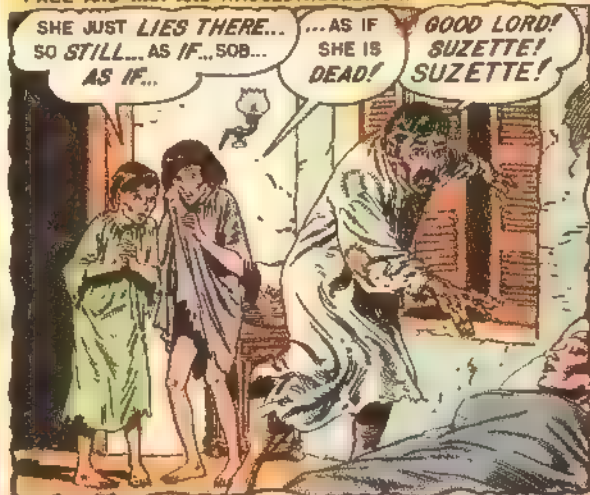


BUT SOMETIMES A MAN IS FORCED TO DO THINGS THAT ARE HATEFUL AND REVOLTING TO HIM. SOMETIMES, HE CANNOT HELP HIMSELF. HENRI STARES DOWN AT THE SLOW MURKY RIVER AND NODS...



THE RIVER BELOW THE BRIDGE FLOWS ON... LIKE TIME... CEASELESSLY... UNENDING... NEVER COMING BACK... GOING DOWNSTREAM INTO THE PAST... LOST FOREVER. HENRI GAZES DOWNSTREAM INTO THE FOG... INTO THE PAST. AND HE SEES HIMSELF WAKING THAT MORNING TO THE CHILDREN'S HYSTERICAL CRIES...

HENRI SEES IT ALL SO CLEARLY... HIS HUNGRY CHILDREN, PALE AND WAN AND RAGGED... SOBBING...



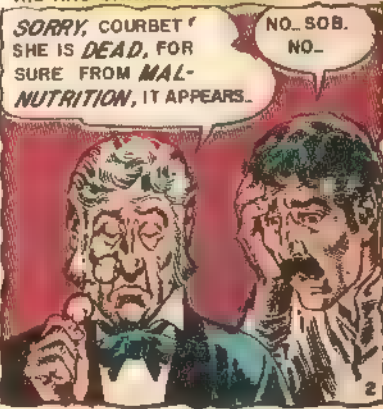
AND HE REMEMBERS HOW HE HAD LEAPED FROM HIS STRAW COT AND RUSHED TO HIS WIFE'S SIDE... TO SUZETTE... BEAUTIFUL, SILENT SUZETTE...



HE REMEMBERS SENDING THE BOY, PIERRE...



HE REMEMBERS DOCTOR LE DUCART COMING TO THE SQUALID CELLAR-APARTMENT AND PUTTING DOWN HIS LITTLE BLACK BAG AND TAKING SUZETTE'S LIMP WHITE HAND IN HIS AND SHAKING HIS HEAD...





HENRI REMEMBERS DOCTOR LE DUCART LOOKING AT HIM...

COULDN'T YOU AFFORD TO BUY FOOD, COURBET?

WE WE HAVE NO MONEY! I... I HAVE NOT HAD WORK FOR SOME TIME...

SUZETTE SHE... SHE GAVE HER SHARE TO THE CHILDREN!

HMMM! A PITY! WELL... BETTER TAKE CARE OF THE FUNERAL RIGHT AWAY, COURBET! REMEMBER THE NEW ORDINANCE!

NEW ORDINANCE? THE COMMISSIONER OF HEALTH'S LATEST DECREE. ALL BODIES MUST BE BURIED WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AFTER DEATH. YOU HAVE UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING. GOOD-DAY!

AND HENRI REMEMBERS GOING TO THE UNDERTAKER PARLOR AND INQUIRING...

WELL, LET US SEE. THERE IS THE PLOT... AND THE COFFIN... AND CARTAGE...

THE CHEAPEST I CAN MAKE IT IS FIFTY-FIVE FRANCS, M'SIEU COURBET!

FIFTY-FIVE... GULP...

ANYTHING WRONG, COURBET?

I... I DO NOT HAVE FIFTY-FIVE FRANCS NOW, M'SIEU GREVIARD. IF I COULD OWE IT TO YOU...

M'SIEU GREVIARD, THE UNDERTAKER, SHOOK HIS HEAD...

NO, NO! M'SIEU COURBET! I DO NOT DO BUSINESS THAT WAY. NO MONEY! NO FUNERAL! WHAT IF YOU NEVER PAID ME? WHAT COULD I DO? GO DIG UP THE BODY!?

I WOULD PAY YOU! I SWEAR IT!

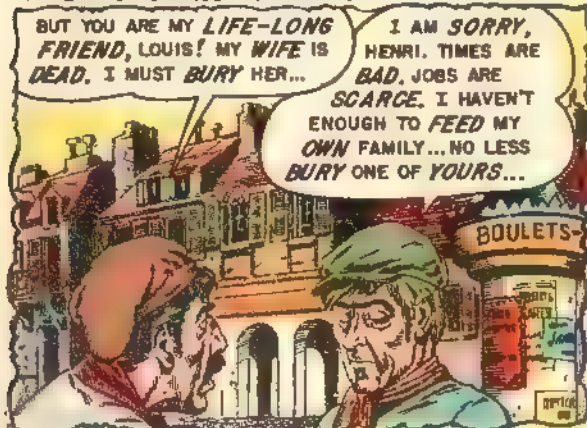
SORRY, M'SIEU! FIFTY-FIVE FRANCS IS THE PRICE! AND REMEMBER... THE COMMISSIONER OF HEALTH'S DECREE. TWENTY-FOUR HOURS...

YES! YES! I WILL REMEMBER!



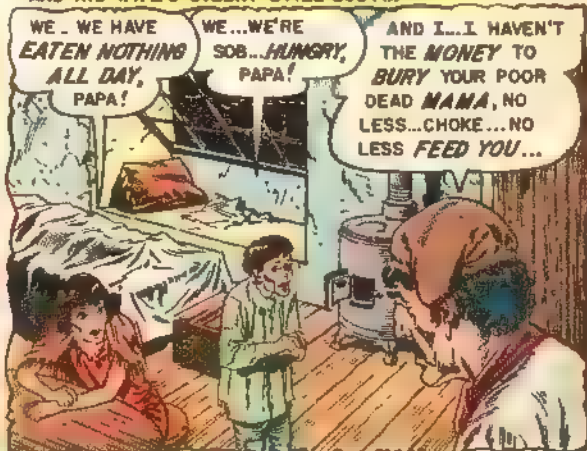
THE RIVER BELOW SWEEPS SLOWLY BY... AS THE PAST DAY'S EVENTS SWEEP SLOWLY BY, HENRI STARES INTO THE MURKY DEPTHS AND SEES HIS HOPELESS VAIN ATTEMPTS TO RAISE THE MONEY...

...FINALLY GOING BACK TO THE NOVEL THAT SERVED AS THEIR HOME, AND SEEING THE CHILDREN'S HUNGRY FACES AND HIS WIFE'S SILENT STILL BODY...



BUT YOU ARE MY LIFE-LONG FRIEND, LOUIS! MY WIFE IS DEAD. I MUST BURY HER...

I AM SORRY, HENRI. TIMES ARE BAD. JOBS ARE SCARCE. I HAVEN'T ENOUGH TO FEED MY OWN FAMILY... NO LESS BURY ONE OF YOURS...



WE... WE HAVE EATEN NOTHING ALL DAY, PAPA!

WE... WE'RE SOB... HUNGRY, PAPA!

AND I... I HAVEN'T THE MONEY TO BURY YOUR POOR DEAD MAMA, NO LESS... CHOKO... NO LESS FEED YOU...

...THE SUDDEN HEAVY KNOCKING ON THE FRONT DOOR...

...THE OFFICER, LOOMING IN THE DOORWAY... HIS EVIL EYES FLASHING... HIS GRIM MOUTH SNEERING...

THE COMMISSIONER OF HEALTH HAS RECEIVED WORD FROM YOUR DOCTOR THAT YOUR WIFE PASSED AWAY THIS MORNING...

YES... THAT... THAT IS TRUE...



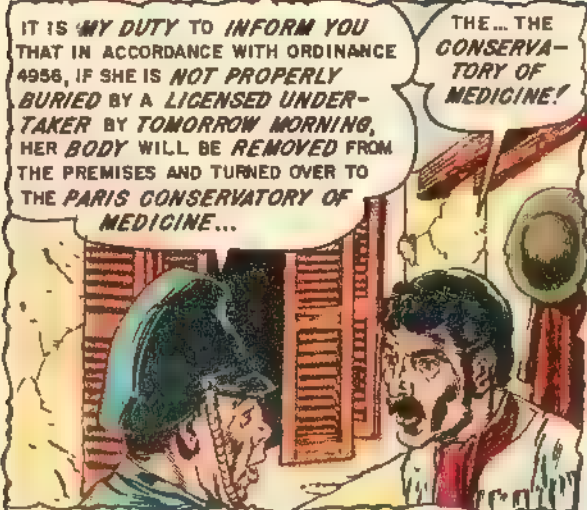
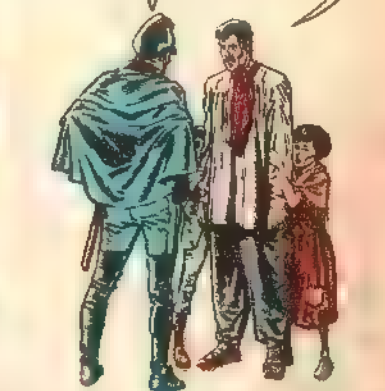
WHO... WHO'S THERE?

OPEN UP... IN THE NAME OF THE COMMISSIONER OF HEALTH...



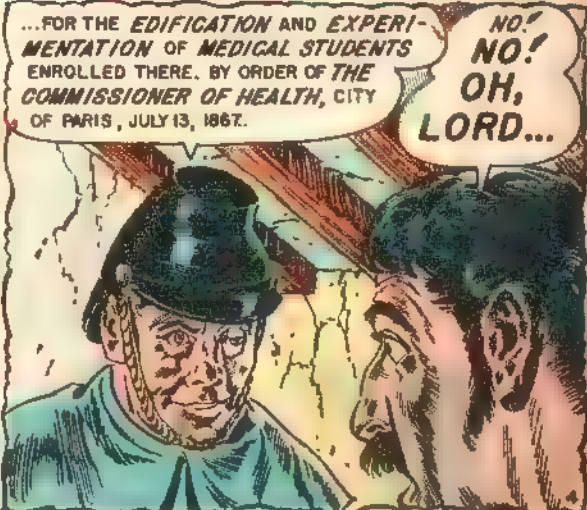
YOU ARE HENRI GOURBET...

YES! THAT IS ME...



IT IS MY DUTY TO INFORM YOU THAT IN ACCORDANCE WITH ORDINANCE 4956, IF SHE IS NOT PROPERLY BURIED BY A LICENSED UNDERTAKER BY TOMORROW MORNING, HER BODY WILL BE REMOVED FROM THE PREMISES AND TURNED OVER TO THE PARIS CONSERVATORY OF MEDICINE...

THE... THE CONSERVATORY OF MEDICINE!



...FOR THE EDIFICATION AND EXPERIMENTATION OF MEDICAL STUDENTS ENROLLED THERE. BY ORDER OF THE COMMISSIONER OF HEALTH, CITY OF PARIS, JULY 13, 1867.

NO! NO! OH, LORD...



THE OFFICER LEERED AT HENRI

DO YOU KNOW WHAT *THAT* MEANS, M'SIEU COURBET? IT MEANS THAT IF YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO *BURY* YOUR WIFE, HER *BODY* IS TURNED OVER TO *MEDICAL STUDENTS FOR DISSECTION!*

IT ISN'T *FAIR!* OH, *GOD!* IT ISN'T *FAIR*, THERE ISN'T ENOUGH *TIME!*

HE SNEERED...

DO YOU KNOW WHAT MEDICAL STUDENTS *DO* TO BODIES, M'SIEU COURBET? THEY TAKE *SHARP LITTLE SCALPELS...* AND THEY CUT THEM *OPEN* AND TAKE OUT THE *INSIDES* AND CUT THEM *OPEN*

*PIECE BY PIECE... INCH BY INCH. THEY PROBE AND SLICE AND CUT AND STUDY AND CUT SOME MORE...*



...AND DO YOU KNOW *WHY* THE COMMISSIONER OF HEALTH *ISSUED* THIS DECREE, M'SIEU COURBET. *NOT* IN THE INTERESTS OF THE CITY'S *HEALTH!* HE GETS *SEVENTY-FIVE FRANCS FOR EACH BODY...* FROM THE *CONSERVATORY...* WHICH HE *POCKETS!*

*STOP IT! STOP IT! HAVE PITY!*

THE OFFICER LOOKED AROUND. HE LOOKED AT SUZETTE'S STILL WHITE FORM...

SHE IS *YOUNG AND PRETTY*. THE MEDICAL STUDENTS WILL *ESPECIALLY WELCOME* HER BODY. SO I SUGGEST YOU *RAISE* THE MONEY, M'SIEU... *QUICKLY. BURY HER!*

I *CHOKED*. I *CAN- NOT!* I *HAVE TRIED!* I *CANNOT EVEN BUY* FOOD FOR THE *CHILDREN!*



THE OFFICER LOOKED AT THE POVERTY AND SQUALOR AT THE PALE THIN STARVING CHILDREN WHO STARED AT HIM WITH WIDE FRIGHTENED EYES...

THEN DON'T BE A *FOOL*, COURBET. TAKE HER TO THE *CONSERVATORY YOURSELF.. TONIGHT!* LINE YOUR *OWN* POCKETS WITH THE *SEVENTY-FIVE FRANCS!* AT LEAST YOU WILL BE ABLE TO *FEED* YOUR *CHILDREN...*

KNOWING WHAT THEY WILL *DO* TO SUZETTE SOB. HOW CAN I?

THE OFFICER TURNED TO GO. HE SHRUGGED...

*SHE IS DEAD, M'SIEU. SHE WILL NEVER KNOW!* GOOD-EVENING! TILL TOMORROW... THEN...

TILL TOMORROW...





HENRI STARES DOWN AT THE RIVER. HE THINKS OF THE MEDICAL STUDENTS...GATHERED AROUND THE BODY. THEIR SHINING SCALPELS IN THEIR UPRaised HANDS... THEIR GRINNING FACES .



AND THEN HE THINKS OF THE CHILDREN...MARIE AND PIERRE...THEIR BLOATED STOMACHS CRYING FOR FOOD... THEIR BONY FINGERS SEARCHING FOR CRUMBS IN THE FLOORBOARD CRACKS



AND THEN HE LOOKS AT THE BODY WRAPPED IN BURLAP LYING ON THE OLD CART, AND HE KNOWS THAT WHAT HE IS DOING IS RIGHT...

THE CART RUMBLES DOWN AND OFF THE BRIDGE, THE STIFF BODY BOUNCING UPON IT..



...RUMBLES ON THROUGH COBBLE-STONED STREETS, DOWN WINDING ALLEYS, TOWARD THE PARIS CONSERVATORY OF MEDICINE...

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH IN ANSWER TO HENRI'S FRANTIC KNOCK. THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN. A FACE PEERS OUT..

THE DOOR SWINGS WIDE. A SHAFT OF LIGHT KNIFES INTO THE FOGGY SUMMER NIGHT, FALLING ACROSS THE BURLAP-WRAPPED FORM ..

THE OLD MAN HOBBLES OUT INTO THE NIGHT...OUT TO THE CART...LIFTS THE BURLAP COVER AND PEEPS AT THE STILL WHITE FACE ..





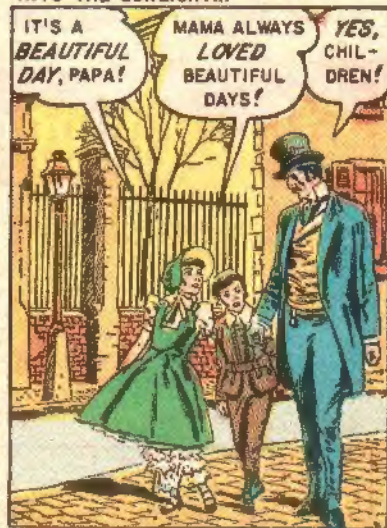
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, PIERRE AND MARIE ATE HEARTILY...THE FIRST GOOD FOOD THEY'D HAD IN MONTHS...



AND THEY DRESSED IN THEIR NEW CLOTHES...THE CLOTHES HENRI HAD BOUGHT WITH PART OF THE SEVENTY-FIVE FRANCS...



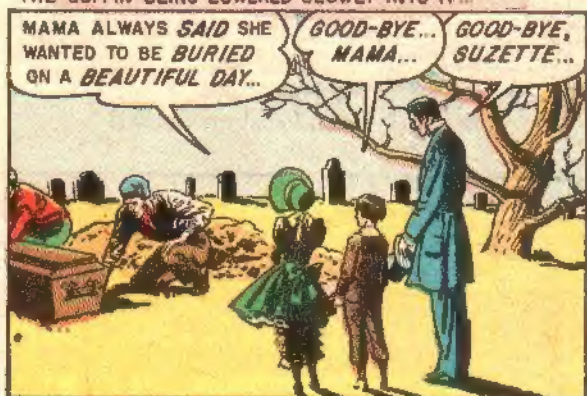
...AND, TOGETHER, THEY WALKED OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT...



AT EXACTLY THAT MOMENT, IN THE PARIS CONSERVATORY OF MEDICINE, EAGER CURIOUS PROSPECTIVE DOCTORS CUT AND SLICED AND PROBED THE NEW BODY THAT HAD ARRIVED THAT NIGHT...



AND LATER, JUST OUTSIDE PARIS, HENRI AND THE CHILDREN STOOD BEFORE THE GAPING OPEN GRAVE, WATCHING THE COFFIN BEING LOWERED SLOWLY INTO IT...



WHILE AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, THE DEAN OF THE PARIS CONSERVATORY OF MEDICINE, ON HIS DAILY TOUR OF THE ANATOMY CLASSES, STOPPED BEFORE THE NEWLY PURCHASED BODY THAT NOW LAY COMPLETELY DISSECTED...AND SHRIEKED...



HEH, HEH! YEP! THAT'S MY YELP-YARN, FIENDS! HENRI TOOK A WALK THAT NIGHT TO TRY AND DECIDE WHAT TO DO... AND THE SOLUTION, SHALL WE SAY, DROPPED INTO HIS LAP. OF COURSE, HE HAD TO COAX THE COMMISSIONER TO DROP (DEAD, THAT IS) BY... WELL... I'LL SPARE YOU THE BORY DETAILS. JUST USE YOUR LIL' OL' IMAGINATIONS. AND NOW IT'S TIME TO CLOSE THE DOOR OF THE VAULT TILL NEXT WE MEET... WHICH WILL BE IN THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S MAG-TALES FROM THE CRYPT. TILL THEN... AS THE UNDER-TAKERS SAY... 'HAVE A NICE MOURNING!'

THE END...



# They claim

## this coupon

## brings you "good luck"



"Six months after mailing the coupon, I had a promotion and a big raise in pay!"



"From the moment I marked the coupon, my luck changed!"



"My break came when I sent the coupon!"

These statements are typical! I.C.S. gets letters like these regularly. Coupon senders report pay raises. Others win important promotions or new, interesting assignments. Still others find happiness, job security, opportunities never dreamed possible.



**Is it LUCK?** The results are so impressive, so quick in coming, that some say the I.C.S. coupon is "lucky." Of course, that's not true. The real reason for these amazing results is what happens to the person when he or she mails the coupon.

**Coupon is first step!** Naturally, you want to make good. But you've put off doing something about it. Mailing this coupon is *definite action!* It shows you're fed up with waiting for the breaks. You're determined to make your own breaks! And this determination alone accounts for much of the "luck" you'll start to experience.



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**391 I.C.S. courses!** You'll find a partial list of courses in the coupon below. Each course is up-to-date, extremely practical, completely success-tested. You study in your spare time. Set your own pace. Correspond directly with instructors. Cost is low. Diplomas are awarded to graduates. I.C.S. training rates high in all fields of business and industry. You won't find another school like it.

**Call it being "lucky" or being "smart." Whatever it is, you're one step closer to your goal when you mail this famous coupon!**

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS



BOX 2465, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW TO SUCCEED" and the booklet about the course BEFORE which I have marked X:

- |  |   |  |   |   |
|--|---|--|---|---|
| <p><b>ART</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Art</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Magazine and Book Illustrating</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Show Card and Sign Lettering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Fashion Illustrating</li> </ul> <p><b>AUTOMOTIVE</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Automobile, Mechanic</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Auto-Elec. Technician</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Diesel—Gas Engines</li> </ul> <p><b>AVIATION</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Aeronautical Engineering Jr.</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft Engine-Mechanic</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Drafting</li> </ul> <p><b>BUILDING</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Architecture</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Arch. Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Building Contractor</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Estimating</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Carpenter and Mill Work</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Carpenter Foreman</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Reading Blueprints</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> House Planning</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Plumbing</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Heating</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Steam Fitting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Air Conditioning</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electrician</li> </ul> <p><b>BUSINESS</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Business Administration</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Certified Public Accountant</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Accounting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Secretarial</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Federal Tax</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Personnel and Labor Relations</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Advertising</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Retail Business Management</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Managing Small Business</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Sales Management</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management</li> </ul> <p><b>CHEMISTRY</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Chemical Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Analytical Chemistry</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Petroleum—Nat'l Gas</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Pulp and Paper Making</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Plastics</li> </ul> | <p><b>CIVIL, STRUCTURAL ENGINEERING</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Structural Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Highway Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Reading Blueprints</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Construction</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Sanitary Engineering</li> </ul> <p><b>DRAFTING</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Aircraft Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Structural Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Mine Surveying and Drafting</li> </ul> <p><b>ELECTRICAL</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electrician</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Maintenance</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electric Power and Light</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Lineman</li> </ul> <p><b>HIGH SCHOOL</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> College Preparatory</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Commercial</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Good English</li> </ul> <p><b>MECHANICAL AND SHOP</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Supervision</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Machine Design-Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Tool Design</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Instrumentation</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Inspection</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Reading Blueprints</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Toolmaking</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Gas—Electric Welding</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Heat Treatment—Metallurgy</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Work</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Refrigeration</li> </ul> <p><b>POWER</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Combustion Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Diesel—Electric</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electric Light and Power</li> </ul> | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Steam Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Fireman</li> </ul> <p><b>RADIO, TELEVISION, COMMUNICATIONS</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> General Radio</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Radio Operation</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Radio Servicing—FM</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Television</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Electronics</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work</li> </ul> <p><b>RAILROAD</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Locomotive Engineer</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Diesel Locomotive</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Air Brakes</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Car Inspector</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Administration</li> </ul> <p><b>TEXTILE</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Textile Engineering</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Cotton Manufacture</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Rayon Manufacture</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Woolen Manufacture</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Loom Fixing</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Finishing and Dyeing</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> Textile Designing</li> </ul> |
|--|---|--|---|---|

**YEAR OF THE SIX  
MILLIONTH STUDENT**

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ Home Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Working Hours \_\_\_\_\_ A.M. to \_\_\_\_\_ P.M.

☐ If under 18, check here for booklet A.

Special tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces. Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada.



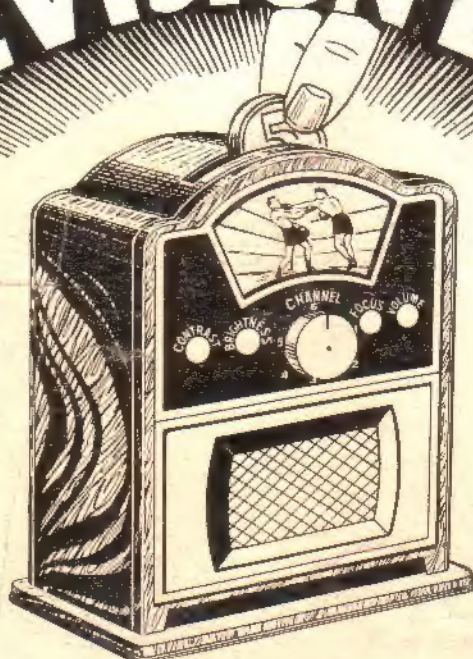
THE SHOW'S ON,  
GANG!

# New! Super-Duper! Simply Terrific! TELEVISION BANK

## LIGHTS UP!

LIKE BIGGEST, COSTLIEST  
TELEVISION SETS!

- SHOWS BRILLIANT PICTURES  
IN FULL COLOR!
- HITS EVERY TELEVISION  
HIGH . . . FIGHTS AND ALL!
- THRILLS YOU AND YOUR  
FRIENDS POP-EYED!
- AND . . . MAKES YOUR  
SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!



ALL-STEEL CONSTRUCTION

**ONLY  
\$1.98**

COMPLETE WITH  
BATTERY AND BULB!

Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midger wonder!

**LIGHTS UP THE-MINUTE YOU DROP COIN!** Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot; Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up—in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

**AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE!** Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen

gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

**TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE!** When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all—a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

**PUTS YOU "IN THE MONEY"—AND FAST!** Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the

complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see—you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

**IT'S A HONEY—in EVERY DETAIL!** You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4 1/4" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. **GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU**, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

**BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL  
NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!**

### NEWEST DECORATOR'S NOTE TO ALL DOLL HOUSE OWNERS!

Nothing is so truly luxurious for the modern doll house! This beautiful new Television Bank is the last work in elegance—matches all styles of furniture—makes a stunning addition to your dolls' living room! You'll love it, and so will all your friends!

SEAGEE CO., Dept. EC-2  
2 Allen Street, New York 2, N. Y.

Please rush me my TELEVISION BANK. I agree to pay postman \$1.98 plus few cents postage with understanding that if I am not delighted I may return bank in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print Plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ I enclose \$2.00. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee.

SEAGEE CO., 2 Allen St., Dept. EC-2 New York 2, N. Y.



# MEN! WOMEN! take orders for famous NYLONS GUARANTEED 9 mos.

ONLY YOUR  
SPARE  
TIME  
NEEDED

## NO HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASSING REQUIRED

Our unusual plan is a sure-fire money maker! Sensational Guarantee is creating a tremendous demand for Wil-knit Nylons! Mrs. Nellie Gail of Iowa started out with me and made \$48.89 the very first week in just her spare hours. Mrs. Agnes McCall, of South Carolina, did even better. Her spare time in her very first week brought her earnings of \$95.56. Mrs. Walter Simmons of New York turned her spare time into earnings of \$92.82 her first week out. THESE EXCEPTIONAL EARNINGS FOR JUST SPARE TIME and in the very first week give you an idea of the possibilities!

### GUARANTEED AGAINST Runs, Wear and Even Snags!

Why is it so easy for Wil-knit Salespeople to get orders? I'll tell you—it's because we stand back of Wil-knit Nylons with the most amazing guarantee you have ever heard of. Your customers can wear out their hose. They can develop runs. They can even snag them. No matter what happens to make Wil-knit Nylons unwearable... within 9 months, depending on quantity... we replace them free of charge under terms of our guarantee. No wonder women are anxious to buy Wil-knit! And no wonder it is easy to quickly build up a fine and STEADY year around income. Earnings start immediately. Look at these exceptional figures—Lillian A. Bronson of Georgia made \$80.60 first week spare time. Ethel Cameron of Michigan, \$64.14. Sabine Fisher, New York, reports earnings of \$70.10 under our unusual plan just for spare time in her first week. Mrs. Edward Leo of Minn., in writing to thank us for the new Plymouth she received, also reports: "I actually earned \$12.00 in twenty minutes by the clock. I actually couldn't believe I earned that much until I re-checked my figures."

### SEND NO MONEY! JUST NAME AND HOSE SIZE.

**SIMPLY MAIL COUPON.** When you send for Selling Outfit, I also send your choice of Nylons or Socks for your personal use. Just rush your name for the facts about the most sensational line of hosiery for men, women and children ever offered. Your friends and neighbors will admire you and this unusual selection of most beautiful hosiery! Just mail coupon or postal card now, and learn at once how you, too, can earn big money in FULL or SPARE TIME and qualify for an EXTRA BONUS and a New Car over and above your cash earnings.

L. Lowell Wilkin

WIL-KNIT HOSIERY CO., Inc., A-6138 Midway, Greenfield, Ohio

## Look At These Exceptional FIRST WEEK SPARE TIME EARNINGS

Space permits mentioning only these few exceptional cases, but they give you an idea of the BIG MONEY that is possible in just spare time starting the very first week.

Mr. Richard Peters, Penna.  
\$63.94 first week spare time

Mrs. Virgil Hickman, Tenn.  
\$74.97 first week spare time

Mr. Henry O'Rourke, Vermont  
\$88.89 first week spare time

Mrs. J. A. Sievers, Fla.  
\$85.14 first week spare time

Mr. Anthony Avilla, Wash.  
\$135.00 first week spare time

Mrs. Agnes Michaels, Ind.  
\$54.18 first week spare time

Mr. Russell P. Hart, New York  
\$53.30 first week spare time

Mrs. W. B. Foss, S. Dak.  
\$60.47 first week spare time

Mr. A. E. Lewison, Ga.  
\$52.26 first week spare time

Mrs. Emery Shoots, Wyo.  
\$48.69 first week spare time

Mr. J. Hillman Jr., Ohio  
\$49.72 first week spare time

Mrs. John Gorman, Conn.  
\$71.54 first week spare time

Mr. W. Riley, Ill.  
\$72.72 first week spare time

Miss Frances Freeman, Texas  
\$62.73 first week spare time



## A CAR IN 4 MONTHS—AND UP TO \$20 IN A HALF DAY

"I cannot express my thrill upon receiving this beautiful new Chevrolet. I was a bit doubtful at first but now it is a reality and I thank you for making it so. I have earned this car in just four short months and I'm sure others can do the same. Thank you for making it possible for me to earn more money than ever before. I have earned as much as twenty dollars for one half day and my bonus alone for one month was \$125.00." —Mrs. E. A. Conway.

## NEW CAR GIVEN—OR IF YOU ALREADY HAVE A CAR YOU CAN GET A NEW ONE ON OUR "TRADE-IN" PLAN

WIL-KNIT actually gives new Fords, Plymouths or Chevrolets to producers as a bonus in addition to your regular earnings. It is yours. Or if you now have a car, you can get a new one even quicker under our "trade-in" plan without paying a penny. Get the facts TODAY.

L. Lowell Wilkin, WIL-KNIT HOSIERY CO., Inc. Be Sure to Send  
A-6138 Midway, GREENFIELD, OHIO Hose Size

Please rush all facts about your guaranteed hosiery money-making plan and NEW CAR offer. Everything you send me now is FREE.

MY HOSE SIZE IS \_\_\_\_\_ MY AGE IS \_\_\_\_\_ YEARS

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_